Saturday Night

May 23, 1953 • 10 Cents

The Front Page

The men of the Customs and Excise divisions of the Department of National Revenue undoubtedly are an alert lot, competent for the task of harrying the unrighteous who try to sneak goods in and out of the country without paying the ordained levies. But, despite the high regard in which they are held by some of the good, grey men in the Senate, they are not qualified to judge what effect any book will have on the morals of Canadians.

The Senate committee which spent several months pondering the question of indecent publications, decided that the "moral standards of Canada" are threatened, and that the way to safeguard these standards is for the Government to hire more customs men. An expanded staff, they suggested, could thumb through all the imported books and periodicals and turn back the ones which might send us out to rob a bank or chase a woman or buy a pipeful of opium.

It is true that the customs and excise people have the power to bar publications "of a treasonable or seditious or of an immoral or indecent character." But wisely, they have used that power only on infrequent occasions, and

ALEC GUINNESS: "An experience shared" *(Page 4)*

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seldom of their own volition. It is probable they do not welcome the impossible task of deciding what their fellow Canadians should or should not read.

Where would the Government find the men who could judge, with any honesty, what reading matter would damage our morals? Differences in religious and ethical beliefs alone would make selection almost impossible.

The Senators got back on solid ground when they pointed out that there are enough laws now for the control of obscene matter. And the diversity of opinion which exists among those who interpret the laws shows how difficult it is to reach any final judgment where words and ideas are on trial.

Just a week or so ago, an appeal against conviction on a charge of "having in possession for distribution obscene written and picture matter" was heard in an Ontario court. Three of the justices said the appeal "must fail." One agreed with the majority "with much difficulty and hesitation." The fifth dissented, noting "the trend in modern times toward more freedom of discussion of social problems, including those involving morals."

Official censorship cannot provide an answer to a question which concerns the morals of a nation. In the final account, the only effective censorship is that of the individual.

Designing Woman

WE ARE disturbed by the news that Mme. Elsa Schiaparelli, the well-known designer of women's clothes, has agreed to create a line of robes, sport shirts and "swim wear" for a men's clothing company in the United States. Mme. Schiaparelli's representative in the U.S. has hastened to assure us that although the new items "will carry the couturier idea in design, they will be masculine in their final adaptation." There is a grim little postscript, however. The designer's plan is to create "garments that men like and that women will buy."

There may be, in odd corners of the world, women who are wise and restrained enough to be trusted with the buying of their men's clothes. Most women, however, are giddy and impulsive creatures when they are under the influence of fashion. They can achieve some rather attractive effects in their own field of feminine frippery, but they have not displayed enough talent in the choice of such items as neckties and socks to be tempted with shirts and bathing suits. We do not expect them suddenly to acquire the gift of being able to buy "the garments that men like."

The Potter's Art

THERE ARE about a couple of hundred skilled potters in Canada, but only half a dozen or so earn their living from pottery. We learned this from Jean Cartier, a 28-year-old expert, who was in Toronto recently to address the Canadian Guild of Potters.

"Most of the potters are not dependent on their skill for a living," he said. "They just love it as a hobby. Most of them have their own pedal or motor-driven wheels on which they shape their clay, and some also have the special firing ovens in which their creations are baked."

Mr. Cartier told us he lived in St. Jean, Quebec, but was going to move to Montreal. "I lecture five times a week at *l'Ecole des Meubles* in Montreal, so I think I'll move there. I shall live in a large attic, full of artistic atmosphere and draughts."

We wondered how one gets to be a potter. "I studied," he said. "From 1949 to 1951 I was in Paris, with the help of a provincial government scholarship. I studied there under Jean Besnard, one of France's better-known ceramists, and I decided that was what I wanted to do. When I came back, I set up a studio—breaking away from family tradition, incidentally. My father and my brother both are lawyers."

JEAN CARTIER: Form, as well as line and color.

The results have been satisfactory, apparently. "Ceramic art is not as easy to sell here as in Paris," he said, "but when you do sell a piece, it brings a much better price here." He pointed to an earthenware plaque that was fully three feet in diameter. "That started with the lid of a washtub. I covered the lid with clay, just like putting a pastry top on a pie, and then I fired it at about 2,000 degrees Fahrenheit for several hours. The design you see on it was done by painting wax on the clay before glazing it. I am asking $150 for that bit of work. You're surprised by the washtub? Many things can provide an interesting basic shape—a garbage can lid or a frying pan, for example. You see, pottery is a three-dimensional art; it has form, as well as line and color."

Who Wait and Listen

WE HAVE often wondered how waiters and waitresses, in restaurants which have juke boxes, manage to retain their sanity under the constant assault of recorded banality. It is agony enough to have to listen to the jittering noise during the time it takes to consume a hurried meal, but to be battered by it hour after hour—even the thought of it is excruciating. One bit of evidence on the reaction of the waiters came to hand the other day in Toronto, when a patron who insisted on playing *Doggie in the Window* got beaned with a coat rack. Possibly the waiter who wielded the rack should have chosen some gentler way of registering his disapproval, but we can't think of any more appropriate method just at the moment.

Against the Wishy-washy

OUR BEST wishes go this week to Trustee W. J. Daly of the Toronto and Surburban Separate School Board. A while ago, the Toronto Board of Education was discussing leave of absence for Orangemen, employed by the Board, who wanted to attend annual meetings of their organization in other cities. Mr. Daly, whose church is not beloved by the Orangemen, might well have been crusty about it, but he wasn't. Indeed, he thought they should get leave of absence with pay, because:

"I respect the Orange Order more than I do the wishy-washy people, some of them in our own church, who do not know what they stand for. The Orangemen are fundamentalists; they believe in heaven and hell—certainly the last place, because they have consigned certain very capable Popes there."

His interpretation of Orangemen's religious beliefs might be shaky but his reason for respect cannot be questioned. It is the wishy-washy people who will not be able to understand this respect for honest belief; their own lack of a strong faith leaves a vacuum, which can be filled all too easily with suspicion and prejudice. Mr. Daly's kind of respect is to be treasured, because it routs prejudice and thereby strengthens a society in which people can disagree without fear and argue without hatred.

Party Funds and Fines

PERHAPS Mayor Allan Rush, of London, Ont., was misquoted in a report of a banquet held in his city by the Western Ontario Progressive Conservative Association. According to this report, Mayor Rush told the banqueters: "If every one who gets a (parking) ticket sends it to the secretary of the organization, I'll see that you won't have to worry about it on one condition—that instead of paying the $1 ticket, you give $2 to the party."

If the transcript of his remarks was accurate, we can only assume that Mayor Rush either is going to pay the traffic fines out of his own pocket or has some private funds available for that purpose. Otherwise, he will be getting into the business of fixing traffic tickets for the benefit of his political friends—not a creditable business for anyone, let alone the mayor of a large city.

The Divorce Muddle

LAST MONTH, when the Senate was discussing one of the 282 petitions which had come before the Standing Committee on Divorce, Senator John T. Haig (Winnipeg) declared: "I hate this whole divorce business, and I feel it is an imposition on the public life of Canada to saddle the Federal Parliament with this work. The sooner each province has its own divorce jurisdiction, the better it will be for all of Canada."

Senator Haig's criticism was the most recent of many outcries in the Senate and House of Commons against the Canadian divorce system. CCF leader James Coldwell and members of his party have fought with intelligence and eloquence for years to bring some sense into the system, but so far they have been unable to pierce the armor of prejudice that encases the subject.

We hope that Mr. Coldwell, and others like him, will maintain their assault. Canada's divorce regulations are so bad that they do not merit being called laws.

Two provinces, Quebec and Newfoundland, do not have divorce courts; petitioners there must put their cases before Parliament, with the result that for certain periods each year, Parliament becomes nothing more than a divorce mill. The stupidity of

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using Parliament as a divorce court was shown in able fashion a couple of years ago by the CCF members, R. R. Knight and Angus MacInnis. The latter remarked: "If anything were needed to show the ridiculous way in which we handle this situation, it is that one man should sponsor two or three hundred of these divorce bills on which any member of this House, under the rules of procedure, is entitled to ask questions." Then Mr. Knight contributed: "Here we are, a court of 262 judges to pass upon this case, and it appears that only one of us has read the evidence."

The other provinces have their own laws, but they are all in a tragic, cruel muddle. A wife in British Columbia or Alberta could obtain a divorce on a plea of bestiality; in Nova Scotia, the courts would consider physical cruelty; in New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, frigidity and impotence are grounds for annulment. But generally speaking, adultery provides the only presently acceptable plea. No consideration is given such logical reasons for divorce as desertion and insanity.

The result is that legal procedure degenerates into a bitter farce. It is not particularly difficult to get a divorce, if you can afford it. Either you can commit adultery and thereby provide legal evidence, or you can go through a dirty bit of play-acting with professional stooges and appear in court with a lot of doctored evidence. If you do not flinch from becoming an adulterer or a perjurer, you can get your divorce; otherwise, the law forces you to continue with what may be a mockery of marriage.

Divorce is properly a provincial matter. The social and financial problems involved in desertion have to be tackled locally. Care of the insane is the responsibility of the province. Provincial courts are closer to the people they have to serve. At present the power to legislate upon marriage, divorce and annulment rests with the Federal Government, but a minor amendment to the British North America Act could transfer this power to the Provinces. The way would then be clear for the Provinces to put some sanity into the divorce laws.

Ottawa's Aerials

OTTAWA'S aldermen have not found any more omissions in their bylaws during the past couple of weeks, so as things stand now, an Ottawan who buys a TV set must still get civic permission before he can put an aerial on his house.

According to first reports from the Capital, Mayor Charlotte Whitton was for keeping the Ottawa skyline clear of all TV aerials; apparently she thought they would intrude among all the wires and poles which now decorate that skyline. Another theory was that she did not wish her subjects to be exposed to the contaminating influence of foreign TV. In any case, there was a sharp public outcry, and the city council, after taking another look at the TV bylaw, found that some words had been left out in the original draft; the purpose was not to ban aerials, they said, but only to give city officials some control over them.

As far as we know, the aldermen have not yet explained how they propose to put their bylaw into fair practice, or what justification there can be for such officiousness.

The Popcorn Business

WHEN CANADA'S popcorn manufacturers were holding their annual convention in Toronto's King Edward Hotel the other day, we dropped in to see how matters stood in the business of crunch and crinkle. We soon were deep in conversation with Syd Spiegel, who founded his own company in Toronto and became a serious student of popcorn after he parted company with the Armed Services at the end of World War II.

"We're discussing taxes now," said Mr. Spiegel, who, at 38 years of age, carries 150 pounds on his 5-foot 9-inch frame. "There's a discriminatory tax on popcorn. The Government should either take it off, or put it on the potato chip and cereal people, too—they're beginning to move in on us."

The thought of taxes did not curb his enthusiasm, however. "Did you know that popcorn is one of the richest foods you can buy?" he asked. "It contains protein, minerals and vitamins. This isn't just sales talk—we have a booklet prepared from statistics issued by the U.S. Department of Agriculture, saying so. And all the time research is continuing to improve the product. The industry makes a regular grant to a couple of universities in Iowa, to experiment with crossing strains and testing corn."

We started to say something about popcorn in theatres, and Mr. Spiegel gestured toward massive, gleaming machines arranged around the room. "Look how attractive they are," he said. "How could you resist buying popcorn from machines like that? Why, the very smell would hold you rooted to the spot. And now we're using the crinkle-proof bag. It doesn't matter how much you squeeze these bags, or blow into them, they don't make a sound. And these bags won't hold water—at one time boys used to fill the empty bags with water and drop them from the theatre balconies."

How much popcorn is eaten? Mr. Spiegel estimated the annual Canadian consumption to be about 5 million pounds. Doing a swift calculation on the back of a pink pad, he figured that even before it was cooked it would fill 3,750 railway cars. "And each bit of that corn would expand something like 30 times on cooking," he said. "As a matter of fact, unless it multiplies by at least that much, we don't sell it. We have an elaborate machine to test the expansion of corn when heated."

Mr. Spiegel recently became the first Canadian to be elected to the executive of the International Popcorn Association. "I'm fascinated by the work," he said. We thought it wise to leave, at that point, before he found out we didn't like popcorn.

Gilbert

SYD SPIEGEL: How could you resist buying?

Old Vic to Stratford

AS MR. and Mrs. Alec Guinness and their young son landed in New York early last week, there was a great gnawing of fingernails among the people who last year got Mr. Guinness to agree to play in the Shakespearian Festival which will be held in Stratford, Ont., this July and August. The Festival needed $90,000 to keep up with construction costs.

Mr. Guinness had no personal worries. "His expenses will be paid," Tom Patterson, the Festival's general manager said. "He has a guarantee, and that will be met." But the actor, when he arrived in Toronto this week, did not appear to be too concerned with his own pay; he is much more interested in the fate of the Festival itself. "This is a wonderful thing you have started here," he said. "It would be an everlasting pity if it did not come off properly this first time, because it will be more difficult the next time. I am going to Stratford this week to look at the site; I understand it's absolutely right."

His roles at the Festival will be the King of France in *All's Well That Ends Well* and *Richard III*. Two plays will be presented this season. Rehearsals will start June 1, after producer Tyrone Guthrie arrives, and until then Mr. Guinness said he would be studying his lines and fitting his costumes. "I like to be sure, in good time, that costumes fit well," he said.

The 39-year-old actor has acquired a solid reputation in North America from such films as *The Mudlark*, *Great Expectations* and *Kind Hearts and Coronets*. New Yorkers remember his fine performance as the Uninvited Guest in *The Cocktail Party*, at the Henry Miller Theatre three years ago. The British know him best as one of the brighter stars in the Old Vic galaxy.

His Shakespearian acting covers a period of 19 years. For 18 months he worked as a copywriter in a London advertising agency, then turned to the stage in 1934. In November of that year, he played Osric and the Third Player in *Hamlet*, and from then on his Shakespearian roles tell the story of his mastery of his profession—through the Apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet*, Aguecheek in *Twelfth Night*, and the Groom in *Richard II* to Romeo and Hamlet.

Freedom from the Sons

TO THE SONS of Freedom, crazed members of a Doukhobor sect, have been bombing and burning through the Kootenays again, and Robert Bonner, Attorney-General of British Columbia, has been in Ottawa trying to persuade the Federal Government to do something about the Sons.

Although the Sons operate in British Columbia, they are truly a Federal problem. The powers of the province are limited; and it was the Federal authorities who allowed the Doukhobors to enter the country.

There are four ways of dealing with the Sons: they can be left alone to continue their mad exhibitionism and their destruction of private and public property; they can be jailed or placed in special camps; they can be isolated from decent citizens, by being transferred to some distant part of the country where the only people they can injure will be themselves; they can be induced—firmly—to get out of the country. The first two courses have nothing to recommend them; the third might be managed, but the only satisfactory solution to the problem is to get rid of these troublesome people, permanently.

Letters

Capital Punishment

I DO NOT see how you can argue against capital punishment. It would be bad, yes, for an innocent man to be convicted—but it is better for one innocent man to die than for a thousand brutal murderers (like the monsters Suchan and Jackson, for instance) to go on living—and even, possibly, to be let loose after some years in prison to prey on society once more . . .

Ottawa STANLEY WILSON

THERE ARE many more arguments against capital punishment than the one you used, namely, the chance that an innocent person could be sent to the gallows . . . The Christian doctrine of forgiveness is only one such argument . . . It is a confession by society that it cannot cure the patient without killing him.

Winnipeg JAMES FRASER

IF THE DEATH penalty were done away with, you would see a vast increase in the number of murders committed in this country. That statement will be supported by every police officer . . . Britain tried it not so long ago, but had to put the gallows back as a deterrent to vicious crime . . .

Calgary N. T. WILLOUGHBY

I HOPE YOU keep on with your criticism of capital punishment . . . It is incredible that a civilized society can countenance legal killing . . . blood revenge by society for sins which are often the fault of society itself . . .

Halifax R. A. COLQUHOUN

THE "chance of error," is a very feeble argument against capital punishment . . . The taking of life by the state is not only a temporal law, but a spiritual one as well. The taking of life in this case is justified by religious dogma . . .

Toronto ESTHER MCLEAN

PERHAPS a delayed action system would be most just. In this system the death penalty would be automatic in cases where no doubt existed, but if the defence could show any reasonable doubt at all then a sentence of life imprisonment would be pronounced—however, if within a fixed period doubt still existed, then the sentence of life imprisonment would remain permanent. On the other hand if, at any time, proof of innocence or lessened guilt (involvement only) developed, then the life sentence would be dropped entirely, or modified to the proper degree of tolerance. If innocence was proved, suitable restitution on the part of the state would be in order.

Death penalties for treason are perhaps questionable. It is doubtful whether the prospect of death is in itself a potent deterrent, particularly in ideological involvements . . . Although the first reaction of most of us is that no punishment is too severe for a traitor, what punishment can prove an effective deterrent to such actions? Loyalty . . . should be accepted as an absolute duty by each one of us to instil it irrefutably in our children. This is the only truly effective deterrent to treason.

Arvida, Que. R. A. WYMAN

Canteen Funds

MR. GARNER (SATURDAY NIGHT, April 25), implies that all monies distributed to the Provinces from the First World War Canteen Funds were mishandled.

Ontario received 41 per cent of the total distributed or $1,039,528.45. The Trustees of the Ontario Canteen Fund began operations in 1928 and since that time have distributed to veterans and their dependents $1,133,491.11 in grants to alleviate distress or assist in education. This work is still going on unabated and the fund presently has a balance as of March 31st, 1953, of $598,202.53. During the life of the fund 77,476 applications have been dealt with and of these 48,559 have been given assistance.

The present Trustees assumed office on June 1st, 1949. From this date to March 31st, 1953, applications for assistance numbered 6,869, of which 4,817 were given aid to the extent of $113,236.58 . . .

. . . It was the Ontario Canteen Fund that first sought the co-operation of the medical profession in making settlement of medical expenses when the veteran was in financial difficulties.

Toronto T. M. MEDLAND
Chairman, Trustees, Ontario Canteen Fund

Wheat Agreement

IN YOUR Ottawa Letter it is stated (a) that the Canadian Government was afraid to recommend a price ceiling lower than $2.05 because it might offend President Eisenhower's administration; (b) that it is a well-known fact that a great many farmers in the West would be quite happy to accept a ceiling of $2.00; (c) that the British have good reason to hope that they will be able to buy wheat for less than $2.05 and maybe even as low as $1.80 some time during the next three years.

As one of the five farm advisers to the Canadian Government's negotiating team at Washington, I hasten to assure you that the offer made by Canada, namely a floor of $1.55 and a ceiling of $2.05, had the unanimous support of the five farm advisers. We are concerned that Canada be friendly with all nations, and I would suggest that in this instance we are at least equally concerned that the 42 importing nations, the prospective buyers of our Canadian wheat, should have no more reason to resent the Canadian attitude than would the United States government. We appreciate that our greatest competitor in the sale of wheat is the United States and that it is the only competitor requiring the same kind of hard currency dollars as do we in Canada. We are also very conscious of the fact that securing the signatures of the different contracting nations is only the first step. The Agreement requires ratification by the respective national governments, and in the case of the United States it requires a 2/3 majority in the Senate.

In regard to your second claim that "it is well known there are many farmers in the West who would gladly aaccept $2.00 a bushel as a ceiling", I would only respectfully suggest to your Ottawa correspondent that it is possible the farm advisers, in the persons of the President of the United Grain Growers and the Presidents of each of the three western Pools and a representative of the Farmers' Union, are probably closer to the Western wheat growers and are in a somewhat preferred position to be informed as to what is the majority view than is your Ottawa correspondent.

In regard to the third claim, that Britain could hope to buy wheat even as low as $1.80 during the three-year period, it should be obvious to anyone who has even an academic interest in the principles of this multilateral trade arrangement that there is a floor and a ceiling price, and that wheat may trade freely anywhere between the two levels. The importing nations' only obligation is to take wheat at the floor—not at the ceiling. The exporters' obligation is to sell wheat at a price not exceeding the ceiling, if called upon to do so. In other words, Britain under this Agreement is assured that she may have her quantity named in the instrument at a price not greater than $2.05 and obviously she will not pay $2.05 if she can buy wheat elsewhere for anything less. If she was able to buy wheat outside the Agreement for something less than $2.05, Canada and the United States and Australia would have no option but to offer it to her at a competitive price . . .

I would also remind you that $1.55, named as the floor in the present Agreement, is only five cents above the $1.50 floor named in the Agreement signed in 1949 . . .

Winnipeg W. J. PARKER,
President, Manitoba Pool Elevators.

Crown and Unity

DAVID E. ARMSTRONG of Edmonton claims that the Monarchy does not unite Canadians . . .

My husband has twice been defeated as a candidate for parliament. The wife of one of the men who actually worked for the other party is a member of the Chapter of the IODE to which I belong. In that organization, I find I agree completely with this woman belonging to an opposing political party. We have identical loyalty to the Monarch and wish to retain our ties with the Commonwealth — for our mutual protection and well being. Without that common loyalty and interest this woman and I would probably barely speak to each other . . .

Fredericton MRS. S. SAMSON

Poor Stamps

I WISH to add my quota to what should be a considerable weight of adverse criticism of the new issue of Canadian postage stamps bearing a portrait, presumably intended to be that of Her Majesty the Queen.

It is as poor a likeness of Queen Elizabeth II as was that of the late King George VI in the last issue of his reign . . .

Other lesser states than Canada have very much finer stamps bearing beautiful and accurate likenesses of our Queen. At one time Canada postage stamps were the most beautiful in the world. Let there be no reason for their not being so now.

Royal Oak, BC H. W. S. SOULSBY

TV Argument

MR. T. J. ALLARD has built a very spindly argument with respect to CBC television broadcasting. His discussion of officialdom and citizenship is entirely irrelevant to the question at hand. Perhaps if he were to go back to the start and get the sense of the two words "control" and "ownership" straightened in his mind, he could produce a logical argument.

Edmonton GEORGE A. WILSON

Oleo in Farm Homes

I WONDER if Ontario farmers feel as strongly about margarine as some of the professional spokesmen for agricultural interests would have us believe. I recently spent three weeks travelling through some of the province's best agricultural areas, where mixed farming is carried on. Margarine was being used in nine out of every ten farm houses I entered . . .

Hamilton FRED WILLIAMS

Free Milk

HERE IS something I saw in a Vancouver newspaper, and it is worth repeating for those in other provinces who think politicians can provide things "for free." The Conservatives in British Columbia are promising "free milk." Here is what a Vancouverite thinks of it: "I am quite in accord with needy children being given free milk, but why should people on annuities and small incomes help pay for milk when a great number of the parents are driving big cars and buying deep freezes and many other luxuries?"

JOHN MCDOUGAL
New Westminster, BC

Leisurely Workers

I WOULD like to know if any city in the country is lucky enough to have civic employees who turn in an honest day's work . . . In any city I have visited, I have always been amazed by the leisurely way in which workers like street cleaners go about their jobs . . .

Toronto L. B. CORBY

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By HUGH GARNER

WE CANADIANS are the most reticent people in the world when it comes to talking about our own achievements. Let another country embark on a humanitarian program of any kind and we shout in chorus, "Why don't *we* do something like that?"

The truth of the matter is that we *are* doing something like that. Our National Health Program today is attracting the world's medical and Public Health attention, but we, as Canadians, can't see it for the mote of inferiority in our eye.

The one man in Canada who can see it clearly, who assisted at its birth and is guiding its growth, is the Hon. Paul Martin, Federal Minister of National Health and Welfare. When he talks of it he drops his parliamentary manner and his speech reflects the dedication of a visionary—but one who has seen his vision come to life.

Paul Martin says, "The Government's basic policy—and its only policy—in the field of Public Health, is to bring the best of health care within the reach of every Canadian. We have been criticized by some for doing too much—as if that is possible; and we have been criticized by others for not doing enough. Every political party is on record as favoring some sort of Health Insurance, and we believe that our methods of trying to attain this are the best. If we can prevent a large percentage of sickness through our program, and cure much of the sickness that is left, we believe we are on the way to attaining our goal. But mark this well, our National Health Program is the biggest undertaking of its kind by any federal agency in the world."

The National Health Program is big all right, and its size alone makes it difficult to comprehend, or to hold aloft before others as an example of our progress. A wise man once said that the biggest thing in the world is a thing small enough to be seen, and trying to describe a national health plan that will cost $250 million during the next five years alone, is like describing Niagara in terms of so many drops of water.

The National Health Program was inaugurated on May 14, 1948, and introduced to Canada, through Parliament, by the late William Lyon Mackenzie King, who was then Prime Minister. The program was designed to set up several badly needed projects in the field of National Public Health. For this purpose, an initial sum of $30 million was set aside to be given as grants to the various provinces (which, under our system, administer Public Health projects in Canada).

The projects chosen as the first to be launched and which were to be supported by annual Federal allotments were: a General Public Health Grant, a Tuberculosis Control Grant, Mental Health Grant, Crippled Children Grant, Professional Training Grant, and a Public Health Research Grant. Two other projects, a Cancer Control Grant and a Hospital Construction Grant, were offered to the provinces on a matching dollar for dollar basis. Of $66 million given for hospital construction, only $35 million was taken up by the provinces, and of $17.5 million offered for cancer control by the Federal Government, less than $8 million was matched by the provincial governments. Besides these, allotments already in force, such as the Venereal Disease Control Grant, which dates back to 1919, and is an outright gift, were greatly increased.

From 1948 to the present, these Grants have totalled $167 million, of which $94 million has been taken up by the provinces. This money was used primarily to increase hospital accommodation, to train qualified health workers, to purchase much-needed equipment, etc. It was spread through 3,000 individual health projects between 1948 and 1950, and this number has increased from year to year until there were 3,600 projects studied and approved in the last twelve months alone.

LIKE MANY such undertakings, the National Health Program began as the result of some casual conversations. In 1946, when Louis St. Laurent and Paul Martin were Canada's delegates to the United Nations, they discussed Public Health and Health Insurance, and Martin found a ready and enthusiastic listener in Mr. St. Laurent. These talks, and the tentative programs which evolved from them, reached the ears of Prime Minister William Lyon Mackenzie King. In December of that year, during a Cabinet re-shuffle, he called Mr. St. Laurent and proposed Paul Martin for the post of Minister of National Health and Welfare.

Mr. Martin was reluctant to accept, for he thought the job should be given to one of the medical profession. This, he was told, was an error: what was needed more than medical knowledge or background was a man who had the strength to push through hitherto untried ideas in the field of Public Health. Martin accepted the portfolio in December, 1946.

Malak

HON. PAUL MARTIN: Dedication to a vision.

Here was a Minister, who had been devoting his time and talents to a job he had been trained for—legal argument and international diplomacy—suddenly thrown into the arena with such champions of jealous medical partisanship as professional groups, provincial health authorities, private clinics and laboratories, municipal governments, and university medical schools.

They challenged him with the old cry of the entrenched to the upstart: "What do *you* know about Public Health?" In answer, he sought the advice of three of the most prominent medical men in Canada. With these three (who have asked that their names not be used, for professional reasons) supplying the knowledge, and Martin supplying the get-up-and-go, a preliminary survey was made of the most important projects needed to be started before any National Health Insurance Plan could be got under way. The initial projects listed earlier were the result.

Paul Martin does not move through the intricacies of his position blindly. Every move he makes, from the high level of Government policy to the prosaic level of carrying out a plan, is preceded by conferences with his medical advisory committee, provincial health authorities, and the medical profession. When a research project is planned, he is advised by a five-man board of research scientists. From all these groups he has always received unstinted support and advice.

But to go back before the National Health Program was launched. In 1947 it was felt that a cancer research survey was necessary in Canada, to prevent overlapping of projects and to find out the state of cancer research in this country. For this survey it was imperative that the best authority in the world be engaged.

Prominent cancer specialists in this country agreed that the best man available was Stanford Cade, who was later knighted for his cancer research in Great Britain. Sir Stanford made a coast-to-coast survey and reported his findings to the Government. In all the country there were only two cancer research projects in operation (there are now 112) and, on the advice of his medical colleagues the Minister of Health decided to see what could be done in this important field.

EARLY in 1947, the representatives of all medical schools, cancer societies and provincial health authorities were called to Ottawa for a conference, the result of which is the Canadian Cancer Institute, today one of the most efficient and best-known institutions of its kind in the world.

Four years later, Sir Stanford Cade returned to Canada. When he got back to England, he wrote: "Canada has achieved more in the past four years than any other country in bringing to the people centres of consultation and treatment where help can be obtained for the victims of cancer."

The launching of the National Health Program was given wide acclaim by the medical fraternity and by those actively engaged in Public Health, but it was never fully understood by the public, who were to be its only beneficiaries.

Instead of being a source of pride and achievement to provincial and municipal bodies (who share in its work and results), the program has been the target of critical arrows aimed by men too puny to realize its value or too blind to see its real direction.

Occasionally, some individual or group take the time publicly to praise the program for what it is, and for what it will eventually mean to Canada. Though he welcomes such accolades, from both inside the country and out, Health Minister Martin finds

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his greatest reward in the Health Plan's tangible results.

Having himself spent two years of his boyhood in the Pembroke, Ont., General Hospital with spinal meningitis, he knows the heartbreak and suffering that follows the onslaught of a crippling disease. "The individual human being counts most in our program," he says. "And it is at the level of the individual that the results can best be seen.

"A short time ago, I was visiting that wonderful institution known as the Vancouver Society for Rehabilitation. There was a small boy receiving therapy for an arm that he could not raise above the level of his shoulder. His plight struck home to me, because I, too, am unable to raise *my* arm above my shoulder, due to my boyhood illness. I almost offered then and there to have our National Health Program absorb the complete cost of the Vancouver Society."

When asked why he did not, he explained that the National Health Program is not designed to take over existing organizations, but to enlarge and spread the work they are doing —plus introducing new projects— throughout the country. He says, "We don't want to replace voluntary effort. We will extend it, but not take over."

NATIONAL Health Minister Martin, in a radio broadcast, May, 1948, asked for 40,000 more hospital beds for Canada. Today, thanks to Federal, provincial, municipal and private effort, we have 46,000 more beds. At one time there was no Occupational Therapy training; today we are training 300 Occupational Therapists for Canadian hospitals and institutions, paid for under the Health Program. Canada is the only country in the world conducting research on cortisone. New hospitals have been established in 144 Canadian communities under the Program's Hospital Construction project. Two million free chest examinations are given each year, turning up unsuspected, and curable, cases of TB, cancer of the lung, etc. In place of 17 there are now 77 mental health clinics . . .

But how sick is a statistic?

Each cipher in the number of hospitalized Canadians represents a small boy crippled by polio, a mother separated from her children by tuberculosis, a little girl slowly dying of leukemia, a strong man wasting away with cancer. But let us look at one heartwarming statistic brought to life.

Some time ago Mr. Martin was confronted with the figures showing the number of people who were receiving pensions for the blind. He asked his medical colleagues if they thought some of these people might be made to see again. They were skeptical, but said they would give it a try. *Out of 70 former blind pensioners who were given surgical treatment under the National Health Program, 41 were given back their sight and were taken off the pension rolls.* An achievement! If the program had done nothing else it would still be worth the money spent.

Over 1.2 million Canadians have benefited already under the National Health Program. Twenty-five thousand tuberculosis patients have been given expensive drugs that would be beyond their own means to purchase. Half a million infants have received the miracle BCG protection against tuberculosis. Many children who would have been doomed to imbecility a few years ago are now being examined in mental health clinics and sent away for treatment.

Which brings us to Mrs. Finch.

She was a deserted wife, who had two children, a boy Herbie, nine years old, and a girl Edna, six. About two years ago Herbie began to show signs of being mentally unbalanced. He was too quiet most of the time for a nine-year-old boy, while at other times he became over-excited and unmanageable. Mrs. Finch couldn't really afford it, but she took Herbie to the local doctor. The doctor examined Herbie, told Mrs. Finch that he was healthy enough, and gave her some medicine for "his nerves".

Herbie's "nerves" got worse and worse until Mrs. Finch had to give up her little job to look after him. She went on County Relief, and considered everything, including suicide, as a way out of her troubles.

Last summer a mobile mental health clinic visited her small community in Northern Ontario, and she had Herbie examined by the clinic's mental specialists. They advised her to have him admitted to a Provincial mental hospital, which she did, and he is given a good chance of recovery.

If you mentioned the National Health Program to Mrs. Finch she wouldn't know what you were talking about, but it was this program which was responsible for sending the mobile health clinic to her small out-of-the-way town.

The tuberculosis death rate in Canada has been more than halved since 1948. In 1951 it stood at 24.5 per 100,000 population, last year it made a further drop to 20 per 100,000. Health Minister Martin is determined to stamp TB out completely within the next few years.

Statistics, figures on a graph. Well, how about this?

Two years ago the National Minister of Health and Welfare was being conducted on a tour through a TB hospital in Winnipeg, when he stopped to speak to a man receiving the Government's free health-giving streptomycin. The man asked him if he would care to take a look at his son, who had been gored by a bull, and who, for twelve years, had been lying at home, completely paralyzed. A Minister of the Crown is a busy man, and unscheduled visits to sick beds are not on his usual itinerary. However, Mr. Martin assured the father that he would visit the boy. He did so, and today, thanks to the help given under the National Health Program, which paid for his treatments at Toronto's Lyndhurst Lodge for paraplegics, this young man drives his own car and runs his own insurance business.

The program is so big that the public is confronted with it every day, without realizing it exists. For instance: at this moment six scientists in three Canadian universities are conducting experiments on gamma-globulin; in Windsor, Ontario, 1,200 children went through that city's Child Guidance Clinic last year; 5,000 health workers have been trained, and 4,600 placed in hospitals; in Nova Scotia, a craftsman who was about to emigrate to the U.S. was prevailed upon to stay in Canada, and he now makes wonderful artificial limbs for that province's maimed children, being paid by the National Health Program; all over Canada men are being trained in hospital administration, through a suggestion made to the Health Minister by a leader in the field, A. J. Swanson of Toronto Western Hospital.

MENTALLY retarded or mentally ill children, caught in time by mental health clinics, are now treated with a 34 per cent chance of complete recovery; venereal diseases are being fought; in cooperation with the Ontario Government, the National Health Program has plans well under way for a Pilot Centre for Cancer in Toronto; Cobalt 60 bombs are being manufactured at Chalk River for distribution throughout the country . . . The list runs on and on.

Health Minister Martin has reviewed and approved 3,600 projects embracing all phases of Public Health during the last year alone. While the writer was interviewing him, Mr. Martin had two projects on his desk, one showing the results of a survey of narcotics addiction in Vancouver, and the other being plans for a new hospital in a small Canadian town.

At the present time the National Health Program is being expanded on three fronts at a further cost of $42 million. During the next five-year period, over and above its present commitments, the Federal Government plans to spend $30 million on a Laboratory and Radiological Services Grant, which will bring complete diagnostic services to out-of-the-way areas; $7.5 million for a Child and Maternal Health Grant, for the setting up of childbirth clinics; and $4.5 million on a Grant for Rehabilitation Services, for the rehabilitation of amputees, paraplegics, and other cripples.

The diagnostic and disabled rehabilitation centres will be offered to the provinces on a matching dollar for dollar basis, but the money for the childbirth clinics will be given as an outright grant.

Despite the volumes of figures, the statistics, the reduction of suffering and ill health to a line on a graph, Paul Martin has not lost his touch with the program's reason for being. He says, "Medical and hospital care can cripple as many families financially as illness cripples people physically. With all my heart I'd like to bring about a program that will achieve freedom from this for every Canadian."

The National Health Program is the base on which this goal must rest.

•

Laos Blow Socred By U. S. And Canada.—*Headline in The New York Times.*

Messrs. Low and Manning will have something to say about this.

Current Account

Control of Television

TELEVISION must be neither for "Culture Hounds" nor for "Hucksters." It is for us.

I speak as a believer in public ownership and public control of television. The public TV channels should be used in the public interest.

I am a firm believer in the CBC. It has given us for many years a standard of excellence in information, entertainment and culture which is unique in North America. It has done an excellent job of improving the taste of the people for good music, drama and literature.

To understand the problem of Canadian TV, it is essential to have some background in order to avoid making the same mistakes twice in a lifetime. Those who are advocating the case for privately-owned TV point out that it was private enterprise that developed radio in Canada in the twenties. They have forgotten, neglected and in any event omitted to mention that they failed to meet Canadian needs, to serve outlying districts or to develop any distinctive form of Canadian radio. They were, in the main, outlets for American programs. To remedy this situation, the CBC was established.

The issue of TV is building up and soon its great importance will be more fully appreciated. The social implications of TV and its potential for moulding the thinking habits of the nation cannot be exaggerated. Sight has been joined to sound and will be a medium of influence in the privacy of the home. It has tremendous possibilities for good; mishandled, it can do much harm.

I disagree with those who believe that we should pattern our TV system on that of the United States. After five years, I am sick and tired of the unending "What'll You Have?", "Chlorophyll Green", and the constant exhortations to buy, buy, buy soap, razor blades, beer, cigarettes, cosmetics, cars, detergents and dill pickles. I rebel against the thought of having my viewing largely restricted to those programs which advertisers feel will sell these and similar products.

I don't object to advertising as a matter of principle. It can be informative, useful and intelligent, but it should not monopolize our TV channels with a steady parade of comedy, quizzes, panel programs, western movies (old and scratchy), and gangster and mystery films with their weird shrieks, pistol shots and bodies falling here and there. That is the daily American diet of the TV viewer. It is silly and insulting. There must be some escape from those who are hipped on the advertising angle to the exclusion of all else.

TV is the greatest advertising and sales medium known to mankind, and private TV is trying to hit the jackpot with it.

There should be room in our TV schedules for those types of programs which may not be commercially popular but which would provide interesting viewing for Canadians. Very definitely there must be a place in Canadian TV for educational purposes. Otherwise we waste the tremendous potentialities of this electronic marvel. TV has much to offer Canada but we must use TV and not have it use us.

If we do not use courage and common sense now in establishing a Canadian TV system, we will wake up some day to find that the most powerful means of communication yet devised by man has degenerated into a living room billboard.

Commercial interests in this country are impatient. They want one of the country's great natural resources,

Capital Press

DAVID A. CROLL, who argues the case for CBC-controlled TV.

our invaluable TV channels (which by international agreement are limited in number), thrown open to anyone who has the money to open a station —granting to a handful of people the right to give us only the programs they want to broadcast. If commercial radio is any indication of what we could expect from such a hodge podge arrangement, the sales effectiveness of a program would be the main yardstick. This is the dollars and cents method.

It is not good enough for Canada —not good enough for a vigorous nation standing on the threshold of greatness, requiring the utilization of all our resources in the building of a country where the people are possessed with the notion that they are at the beginning of big things. There is still time for us to do something about TV. We must not pass up the opportunity.

The government, with the help of the Massey Commission, has decided on a common sense TV policy. Briefly, its objective is to provide TV service to as many as possible, as quickly as possible, but, above all, to make certain that we develop a balanced TV service which will meet the needs and tastes of all Canadians.

In our development of TV, we must be both cautious and bold. We cannot afford costly mistakes in this very expensive medium, yet we must develop the potentialities of this great electronic marvel. TV is a good thing and, like most good things, costs money.

For many years the CBC, and the CBC alone, spent substantial sums in the investigation of American, British and European TV. It has learned a great deal from them, and now has the benefit of their knowledge and technical know-how. CBC knows some of the mistakes others made and so can avoid many of the pitfalls, profiting from the experience of others. The "go slow" policy and the apparent lag were foreseen and planned as being beneficial to Canadian TV.

I am convinced that because of the cost, commercial TV could not provide us with the service we have a right to expect. Sheer lack of dollars and cents would limit any commercial service. The only alternative is to provide and pay for a balanced service. Mindful of our relatively small population, scattered over vast distances, we must realize there are many things we can do collectively which we cannot do individually. That is the history of our country.

Consequently, the government believes that, as in radio, Canada's needs can best be met by a basic system of public ownership, with necessary and reasonable financial support, supplemented by publicly-controlled private ownership.

To bring TV to as many different parts of Canada as possible, the government has announced, in effect, that CBC TV stations will be built in Vancouver, Winnipeg, Ottawa and Halifax, in addition to present stations at Toronto and Montreal, and that applications from private enterprisers will be considered for all other points not within the coverage areas of CBC stations. Several private applications already have been approved.

The government statement said plainly that there would be ample opportunity for publicly-controlled private enterprise in TV. Apparently some private interests want to build a house before the foundation is in. The foundation of TV in Canada should be a system of public ownership. This was the recommendation of a Royal Commission, a group of intelligent, thoughtful Canadians, headed by Canada's present Governor-General, the Rt. Honorable Vincent Massey.

Those who criticize would brush away the patient, arduous work of this group, which travelled the length and breadth of Canada to get the thoughts of hundreds of groups representing thousands of Canadians in all walks of life, including business groups, farm groups, labor organizations, parents' representatives, and educational groups. Through these organizations, Canadian citizens were given a direct voice in the formulation of our general TV policy.

The large majority of these representative groups called for a system

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of development similar to that followed in radio, where emphasis is laid on public enterprise supplemented by publicly-controlled private enterprise.

The views of these people are being ignored by a handful of Canadians whose prime motive seems to be the dollar profit which can be made from this new medium. I have no objection to anyone making a profit, but profits must be secondary until we have established a solid foundation for the future of TV in Canada.

It seems to me that as a Member of Parliament I have the responsibility, with my colleagues, of keeping the costs of public TV down and yet provide funds for a reasonably adequate service. It is good public business to assign revenue-producing centres such as Toronto and Montreal to the CBC. These centres are not merely points for CBC stations. They are national production centres from which programs will go to all parts of Canada, including those served by private stations. Thus viewers in all parts of Canada served by TV stations will benefit from CBC commercial revenues in Toronto and Montreal and the support necessary from public funds will be lessened.

I should like, at this juncture, to puncture a canard. The opponents of the TV policy are going about the country whispering that residents of Toronto and Montreal are the chosen, favored people. Nothing is further from the truth. Toronto and Montreal have TV stations because stations at these points can reach about 30 per cent of the total Canadian population and because they are the greatest sources of revenue. That's where the money is. The revenue derived from these two cities will make it possible for the rest of the country to have TV sooner and cheaper. The private TV stations would concentrate on the populous profitable centres such as Toronto and Montreal and leave the rest of the country literally in the dark.

Apart from the cost, it is essential that CBC production centres be located where the greatest amount of talent is available. Hundreds of expert musicians, actors, writers, singers and those with related talents are required by TV, probably the greatest consumer of talent we have yet seen. There is undoubtedly very good talent in places such as Lethbridge, Fredericton, amongst others, yet it is not available in sufficient quantity to supply a TV service operating on a national basis.

It must be remembered that one of the prime responsibilities of the national TV service will be the presentation and development of Canadian talent. Today, CBC radio is the greatest user of talent in the country, and its contribution to the development of our native talent is practically immeasurable. There is every reason to believe that through CBC even greater opportunities to our own people will be opened in TV.

It is essential that we provide the CBC with the most favorable conditions under which to lay the foundation for a service from which we will all benefit eventually. As privately owned stations are developed in non-CBC areas, they too will benefit from the present phase. The CBC will become an important source of programs for these stations at little or no cost to them. In this way, viewers within private station areas will receive service from the publicly-owned system.

On the other hand, I would expect the government also to provide favorable conditions to those private stations which are given a licence for areas not to be served directly by the CBC. I think this is necessary so that these stations may have a chance to establish themselves in the initial difficult period.

When this stage of our TV development has been completed, with as many areas as possible receiving TV from one Canadian source, the field should be opened as it is in radio today. By that time we will have established a basic system designed to meet the needs of Canada and all Canadians.

It is impossible to over-estimate the part played by communications in the development of Canada. The linking of East and West by our waterways, railways, publications, radio and airways has made the Canadian nation possible. Now, a new potential giant in the field of communications has arisen — TV, a window on the world where we can see each other face to face.

TV will inevitably become a prime source of entertainment. But we

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must also think of our children and the generations ahead.

If we face the facts of Canada, the economics of TV, as well as the potentials, we must inevitably come to the conclusion that we would be foolish indeed not to plan our TV service so that it may be used by all of us according to our needs.

We have before us the experience of Britain, the United States and Western Europe. Let's make sure we use it.

TV is viewed by more children than adults. They spend almost as much time before the TV screen as they do at their studies at school. We in Canada are formulating the policy for the future. Private interests claim that the taxpayer should not be asked to stand the enormous cost involved. What do they mean by cost? I ask parents: is money the only price you pay? Is TV to be allowed to enter your home because it is cheap? There is more to the price than the cost of the set.

American TV isn't all bad. It has high spots that are very good indeed but they are rare and submerged in a flood of bad programs. Even now they are trying to correct the overemphasis on advertising. They wish they could turn the clock back and have another start at TV. It would be different, yes, very much different.

In the United States a TV viewer can turn to one or more of a dozen channels. In Canada, where for years he will be limited to a few channels, he must not be rendered helpless by his inability to escape from a barrage of commercialism.

What the Government can do and is doing, private enterprise won't do because it doesn't pay. Making a profit and giving good programs aren't necessarily joined like Siamese twins.

TV must remain the property of the people and must be developed and controlled by them, not by the promoters of breakfast food, soap, cosmetics and patent medicines. No matter how much money they have, it must not be enough.

These are the formative years. We need to make up our minds. Will sponsorship of our TV come from the sponsor or the listener, or both? The facts of Canada call for both, but under public ownership and publicly-controlled private enterprise.

I began this article by saying that TV must be neither for "Culture Hounds" nor "Hucksters." It must be for *you*.

DAVID CROLL

Mr. Croll is the Liberal Member of Parliament for the Toronto-Spadina constituency. In next week's issue, the other side of the argument will be given, with the presentation of the case for private enterprise in television.

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This Wicked World

The Church of Scotland temperance committee condemned British brewers, who plan to mark the Coronation with a double-strength beer.

A Belleville (Ont.) thief stole 100 shoes from the parked car of a Toronto salesman . . . All the shoes were for the same foot.

Dill Pace, of Sweetwater, Texas, complained to the police that pranksters, during a month-long series of raids, had stolen one shoe from each of his 15 pairs.

Police asked John Shannon in St. Louis if he had broken the window of a local poultry store and stolen a duck. He retorted: "I don't know a thing about it." Then there was a loud quack from inside his shirt. Shannon went to jail.

In Chicago, a masseur accused of pinching a policewoman customer was pinched by her in return. William Kritinar, charged with "excessively amorous" massaging, was fined $125.

Someone snatched 27,000 canned worms from Kesinger's Worm Farm, Arcadia, Cal., on the eve of the opening of the fishing season.

Joseph A. Goyer told a judge in Portland, Me., that he wanted to dissolve his marriage. His bride had thrown the wedding cake at him and given him a black eye.

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Music

Coronation and the Queen's Musick

THE CORONATION is to be looked upon as having at least three different aspects.

It is the leading religious ceremony of the Anglican church. As far as the church is concerned, the Queen is not so much crowned as anointed. She takes Holy Orders of a unique kind, and the ceremonies have much in common with those for the installation of a priest, or bishop.

It is also the leading political ceremony of the British Constitution. From this point of view the Queen, after having been carefully sworn by many oaths and safeguards to protect the liberties of her subjects, is allowed to take her place in the structure of British government, and is therefore crowned and enthroned.

Finally, it is the leading ceremony of earthly splendor, and exhibits like a kind of living museum the ancient panoply of former times, especially that of the feudal system. From this point of view it is a unique assembly of the constituents of the realm, the nobility, gentry, clergy and commons, all displaying the proper evidences of their several conditions. That the real structure of society is ceasing to correspond even partially to this nominal structure is something that will not likely influence the coronation ceremony for some years to come, in view of the fact that the present ceremony still preserves the *arriere-ban*, the device of lesser tenants swearing fealty not only to their immediate superiors, but also directly to the crown. This device to cut down the possibilities of revolt was instituted by William the Conqueror, and does not have too much application to present conditions. But there it is, all the same.

But why is the Music Department still regurgitating information which is becoming by now unendurably boring? These three aspects of the Coronation make it three times over an important musical occasion.

There exist HMV recordings of the Coronation of George the Sixth, and these are well worth hearing. Some of them are virtually unobtainable; for instance, the record which contains the resounding performance of *Zadok the Priest and Nathan the Prophet*, by Handel. Incidentally, we shall hear this music again at this coronation. But even though this and one or two other items are very hard to get, the recordings of the last coronation contain much fine choral music, rendered somewhat muddy by the echoes in the Abbey, and the most dashing and iridescent fanfares that can possibly be imagined. This special effort can only be had by collecting a good body of trumpeters and allowing them to let fly to the limit of their lungs in a really large building (Westminster Abbey will do perfectly). The noise alone is indescribable, and yet it is a heavenly clangor that lifts you out of your seat by the sheer play of decibels, and drops you down again at the end, an exhausted and a better man.

This is part of the Coronation considered as pure ceremony, and considered as a political feature. There is nothing like a flourish of trumpets to lend emphasis to the importance of an occasion; and every point of the long ceremony is suitably punctuated by cascades of silver notes.

Indeed, among the members of the Queen's Household, you will find not only the Bargemaster, the Poet Laureate, the Keeper of the Swans, the Shower of State Apartments, the Surveyor of Pictures and the Surveyor of Works of Art (a nice distinction which the Canadian National Exhibition picture gallery might do well to ponder), but also the Master of the Queen's Musick. At present this office is held by Sir Arnold Bax, succeeding Sir Walford Davies, succeeding Sir Edward Elgar. Earlier, Henry Purcell's father and Dr. William Boyce held the office. These are the names I have heard of in the list which you will find (as I did) in Groves' Dictionary of Music.

THE Queen's Band of Musick (of which Sir Arnold is Master) is an ancient institution, dating back at least to Edward the Fourth, though in its present form it was established by Charles the Second. The Master of the Queen's Musick, and indeed the Queen's Musick itself, should therefore remind us, at the Coronation, of the aspect of pageantry, and of historical continuity which the long ceremony symbolizes.

But it is in its capacity as a religious ceremony that the Coronation will contain most music. We will hear, throughout the service (for it as a service that we now think of) the voices of the Chapel Royal raised in song. One of these anthems is by Dr. Healey Willan, a distinction which he richly deserves, and which should immediately let him know we appreciate, instead of including it in commemorative remarks on the tieth anniversary of his death.

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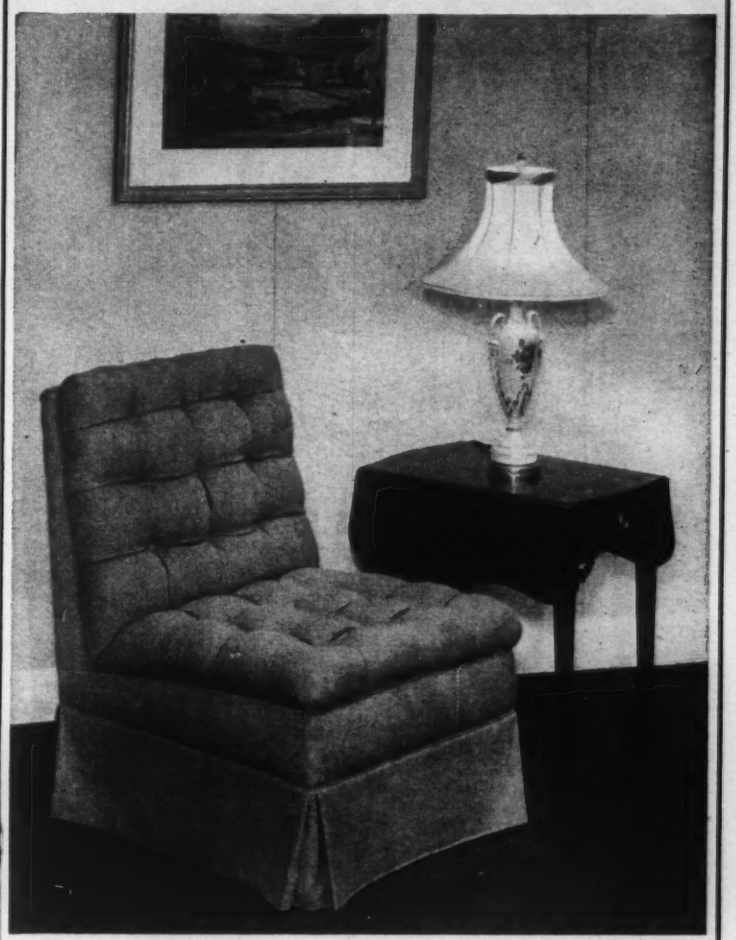

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Music

Coronation and the Queen's Musick

THE CORONATION is to be looked upon as having at least three different aspects.

It is the leading religious ceremony of the Anglican church. As far as the church is concerned, the Queen is not so much crowned as anointed. She takes Holy Orders of a unique kind, and the ceremonies have much in common with those for the installation of a priest, or bishop.

It is also the leading political ceremony of the British Constitution. From this point of view the Queen, after having been carefully sworn by many oaths and safeguards to protect the liberties of her subjects, is allowed to take her place in the structure of British government, and is therefore crowned and enthroned.

Finally, it is the leading ceremony of earthly splendor, and exhibits like a kind of living museum the ancient panoply of former times, especially that of the feudal system. From this point of view it is a unique assembly of the constituents of the realm, the nobility, gentry, clergy and commons, all displaying the proper evidences of their several conditions. That the real structure of society is ceasing to correspond even partially to this nominal structure is something that will not likely influence the coronation ceremony for some years to come, in view of the fact that the present ceremony still preserves the *arriere-ban*, the device of lesser tenants swearing fealty not only to their immediate superiors, but also directly to the crown. This device to cut down the possibilities of revolt was instituted by William the Conqueror, and does not have too much application to present conditions. But there it is, all the same.

But why is the Music Department still regurgitating information which is becoming by now unendurably boring? These three aspects of the Coronation make it three times over an important musical occasion.

There exist HMV recordings of the Coronation of George the Sixth, and these are well worth hearing. Some of them are virtually unobtainable; for instance, the record which contains the resounding performance of *Zadok the Priest and Nathan the Prophet*, by Handel. Incidentally, we shall hear this music again at this coronation. But even though this and one or two other items are very hard to get, the recordings of the last coronation contain much fine choral music, rendered somewhat muddy by the echoes in the Abbey, and the most dashing and iridescent fanfares that can possibly be imagined. This special effort can only be had by collecting a good body of trumpeters and allowing them to let fly to the limit of their lungs in a really large building (Westminster Abbey will do perfectly). The noise alone is indescribable, and yet it is a heavenly clangor that lifts you out of your seat by the sheer play of decibels, and drops you down again at the end, an exhausted and a better man.

This is part of the Coronation considered as pure ceremony, and considered as a political feature. There is nothing like a flourish of trumpets to lend emphasis to the importance of an occasion; and every point of the long ceremony is suitably punctuated by cascades of silver notes.

Indeed, among the members of the Queen's Household, you will find not only the Bargemaster, the Poet Laureate, the Keeper of the Swans, the Shower of State Apartments, the Surveyor of Pictures and the Surveyor of Works of Art (a nice distinction which the Canadian National Exhibition picture gallery might do well to ponder), but also the Master of the Queen's Musick. At present this office is held by Sir Arnold Bax, succeeding Sir Walford Davies, succeeding Sir Edward Elgar. Earlier, Henry Purcell's father and Dr. William Boyce held the office. These are all the names I have heard of in the list which you will find (as I did) in Groves' Dictionary of Music.

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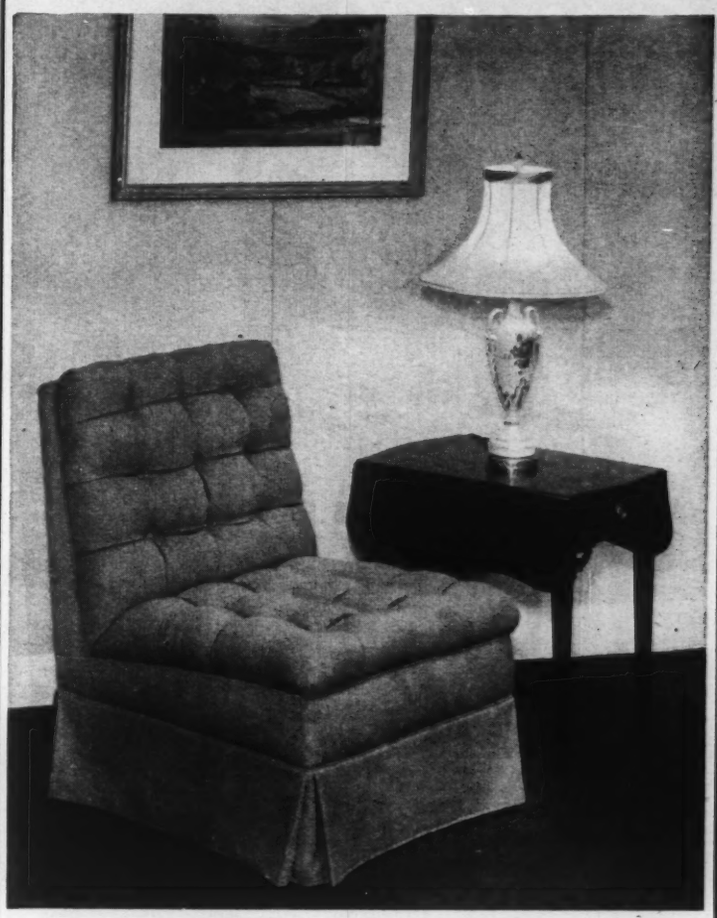

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Ottawa Letter

Incidents in the Dying Days

IT WAS INEVITABLE, after the Prime Minster's forecast that the general election would be held in Augusi, that many of the speeches delivered in Parliament in the dying days of the session would have an electioneering flavor, and the campaign has, for all practical purposes, begun.

On the eve of his departure for Washington, where he and Mr. Pearson conferred with President Eisenhower and his Cabinet, Mr. St. Laurent was glad to fortify himself for the discussions about trade by accepting on behalf of the Government, subject to a slight modification, a resolution moved by Donald Fleming, a Progressive Conservative. The resolution urged further efforts for the removal of the restrictions upon imports of Canadian dairy products imposed by the United States in contravention of the terms of the General Agreement on Trade and Tariffs. Its unanimous support by all parties was a novel and encouraging event.

In the account which Mr. St. Laurent, after his return, gave to the House about his experiences in Washington, he was able to report some satisfactory progress in regard to the construction of the St. Lawrence Seaway. He has secured from the Eisenhower administration a definite pledge that it will promote American cooperation in the project; but the expressed U.S. preference for having the ship canal at the international section built on the American side of the river is rather a fly in the ointment.

Evidently, instead of explicit pledges that the Eisenhower Cabinet could resist firmly the plans of the Republican high protectionists for higher tariff duties, only hazy assurances about its partiality for freer international trade were extracted. It is almost unthinkable that the Congress of the United States would ever agree to parting with any of its control of American tariff policy, and would not impose severe limitations upon the scope of the International Commission, which it is proposed should examine the trade relations between Canada and the United States and make recommendations about them.

The continuance in the House of Commons of the unedifying partisan wrangle of the sessions of the committee upon expenditures for defence, from which a unanimous report was never expected, was unavoidable. The report of the dominant Liberal majority on the committee gave the Department of National Defence virtually a clean bill of health, but the amending report submitted by the Progressive Conservative members naturally took a dark view of its performances and levelled severe criticisms at them.

In the debate, the Progressive Conservatives charged that vital information had been withheld from the committee, that about half of its time had been wasted upon needless discussions of matters raised by the Currie report and, as a result, there had only been opportunities for examining about 15 per cent of the total expenditures of 6 billion dollars since March, 1950.

Mr. Howe's votes for the Department of Defence Production gave the opposition another chance to rake up many charges of extravagance and mismanagement. Social Credit leader Solon Low and some other members conducted a very embarrassing inquisition into the remarkable tenderness shown by the Department of National Defence to the Alexander Construction Co., which had secured the main contract for the renovation and expansion of the air base at Penhold in Alberta, at what seemed the extravagant cost of $6,340,664. A variety of changes and concessions, which increased materially the remuneration of this company, were permitted, and at a time when it was not living up to its schedule at Penhold, it was given another contract at Cold Lake in Alberta for work costing $4,739,000.

It was suggested that the remarkable favoritism shown to the Alexander Construction Co. might possibly be due to the fact that, a few months prior to its acquisition of the contract at Penfold, it had been known as the Prudham Construction Co., in which Mr. George Prudham, now Minister of Mines and Surveys, was the chief owner and directing spirit.

Mr. Prudham felt it necessary to give two touching refutations of this suggestion. He laid his hand upon his heart and vowed that, as soon as he had become a Minister, he had sold the Prudham Construction Co. and has not today the slightest interest in its fortunes. Indeed, so delicate was his sensitiveness about his former business connections that the Alexander Co. had actually suffered, because he had felt himself unable to perform for it at Ottawa the usual chores which members habitually handle for their constituency.

Mr. Howe's Temper

SOME OF OUR present rulers are what Dickens's Sam Weller called "harbitrary gents", and it has been left to Trade Minister Howe to supply the latest sample of this temper.

In the sessions of the agricultural committee of the House of Commons, Percy Wright, a CCF member, suggested that Roy Milner, a member of the Board of Grain Commissioners, who had been connected with the grain trade, while an admirable official in some respects, was less concerned with the interests of the farmers than a man in his position ought to be. In a rash moment, Mr. Wright gave what he probably thought was a

jesting description of Mr. Milner in these words: "He is something like a weasel in the hen coop. He is interested in the chickens, but he is interested for what he can get out of them".

When Mr. Howe, who was not a member of the committee, learnt that one of his officials had been likened to such a bloodthirsty little animal as a weasel, his fury knew no bounds. So he appeared before the committee to protest against it; and he demanded the withdrawal of the charge that Mr. Milner was not completely impartial in the performance of his duties and had a bias in favor of the grain trade. When Mr. Wright refused to withdraw it, the following dialogue took place:

Mr. Howe: "All right. There will be a criminal action here. You are not in the House of Commons".

Mr. Wright: "I am in a committee of the House of Commons".

Mr. Howe: "Yes, but we will see about that. It is a very cowardly position and it is astonishing to me that a responsible member of the House, etc. . . ."

Here was the astonishing spectacle of the Acting Prime Minister, as Mr. Howe then was, threatening a member of the House of Commons with a criminal prosecution because he had dared to criticize a Grain Commissioner. However, when Mr. Howe's temper cooled, soberer thoughts prevailed. He appeared later before the committee to say that he had made a mistake, and wanted to withdraw his threat of a criminal prosecution.

Bill of Divorcement

ALMOST equally curious was another episode which provided fresh ammunition for the crusade of Stanley Knowles (CCF, Winnipeg North Centre), and his allies for divesting Parliament of all responsibility for divorces. It arose in connection with a contested divorce bill, through which a Mr. Lionel Jobin, who had long been separated from his wife, sought a complete dissolution of their marriage tie.

When Howard Winkler (Liberal, Lisgar), the chairman of the committee of the House which was dealing with the bill, put the preamble of the bill to a vote, it was rejected by 7 to 5. Thereupon Mr. Winkler said: "There is the end of that." But it was not the end. On the following day, the committee was suddenly reconvened, on the excuse that the Chairman had made a technical omission, when he failed to say to the committee when it rose, "Shall I report this bill?"

Oddly, when the committee met again, the whole bill was reopened for discussion and there was such a muster of partisans of Mr. Jobin that he was granted his divorce. Moreover, his triumph was achieved with the help of votes of French-Canadian members, to whom divorce is anathema and who usually refrain from voting on divorce bills. Subsequently, Pierre Gauthier (Liberal, Portneuf), offered the explanation that they had voted only for the annulment of the civil contract, but not for the dissolution of the marriage, and that he could not accept the clause of the bill which explicitly permitted Mr. Jobin to remarry.

It looked like a case of the exercise of subterranean influence to secure a reversal of a decision of a parliamentary committee. R. R. Knight (CCF), E. G. Hansell (SC) and J. W. Noseworthy (CCF), made vigorous protests against this procedure. Mr. Knight, after pointing out that on one occasion the committee had disposed of 58 divorce cases at the rate of half a minute for each, said the Jobin case proved "the fallacy and foolishness of trying to handle divorces in such an inadequate way that it does not ensure proper justice". He did not want to have what he called "this iniquitous thing" on his conscience any more.

Senate's Grievances

SENATOR HAIG, the leader of the Opposition in the Senate has once more voiced the grievances of that body over the unfair treatment habitually meted out to it by all Governments.

Year after year, there is no sensible planning of the business of the House of Commons. In the early stages of the session, it is allowed and even encouraged to waste endless time in dreary debates upon the Address and the Budget, and the consideration of important legislation is deferred until Ministers decide that they are bored with Parliament and desire its early prorogation. So they proceed to get their bills passed with the utmost possible speed, and in the closing days of the session hurl a mass of legislation at the Senate for its endorsation.

So Senator Haig, whose views are shared by most of his colleagues, properly protested that it was grossly unfair, both to the Senate and to the public, that the Senate was never given adequate time to make anything but a cursory scrutiny of most of this legislation. It was therefore handicapped in the fulfilment of its functions as a corrective reviser of legislation.

Prime Minister St. Laurent has been credited with an ambition to find in the Senate an opportunity for leaving some mark as a reformer. The absurdity of its present situation, in which a feeble rump of 8 Progressive Conservatives face 72 Liberals, has been only partially redeemed by the independent course pursued by a group of influential Liberals, headed by Senators Crerar, Euler and Lambert, who have persistently criticized Government legislation and insisted upon constructive amendments.

It is true that Mr. St. Laurent has saved the Treasury money by keeping vacant many seats—the number is now 23—and presumably he will fill some of the vacancies before the election. He would earn general commendation from the public, if he chose to produce in the Senate a fairer representation of political sentiment by allowing Mr. Drew to nominate some members, and giving for the first time the CCF and the Social Credit party at least one spokesman apiece in it.

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Foreign Affairs

Austria: Test-Case

IN CALLING FOR Soviet deeds instead of words in the struggle for peace, the Western powers have fixed on Korea as the decisive theatre in the Far East and Austria as the place to start in Europe. In that, they seem to be in agreement with the Soviets, who made the exchange of wounded prisoners in Korea their first practical peace move in the post-Stalin period, and who have always kept Austria as their safety-valve in the cold war in Europe.

They have exploited their zone of the unfortunate little Central European country unconscionably. They have kept their troops there, living off the land, for nearly ten full years since they solemnly undertook, in the Moscow Agreement of November, 1943, to treat Austria as a liberated and not an enemy country. And in spite of this promise they have dispatched thousands of Austrians to the slave labor camps of the USSR.

Nevertheless, they have always acted "differently" and more "correctly" in Austria. They have never attempted to turn their zone into a Communist satellite state. The anti-Communist parties, which have for years formed the governing coalition in Vienna, operate freely throughout the country and have secured at times 95 per cent of the vote. Once it took the Soviets ten days to see through an election slogan "All Who Love the Red Army, Vote Communist"; and they were in some embarrassment ordering this hauled down. There are not even Communist mayors in the Soviet Zone cities; all but one of them were voted out of office in 1949. Though the Soviets share in the occupation of Vienna, and garrison the centre of the city (which is the seat of government for Austria), every fourth month, they have permitted an anti-Communist government to function there ever since the war.

Most notably, the Soviets have never broken off the Austrian treaty talks. Though there have only been half-a-dozen meetings of the foreign ministers' deputies in the past four years (as against 252 meetings up to the end of April, 1949), the negotiations have always been kept in such a state that a phone call from Moscow could start them up again in a day or two. It has long been my contention that the Soviets were carefully maintaining Austria as a kind of safety-valve, to be yanked any time the cold war became too hot and pressure built up ominously.

If the Soviets really wanted to do it, the Austrian Treaty could be completed in an hour's honest work. Fifty-four of the fifty-nine clauses are agreed upon, and in the last meeting Soviet stalling had reached the point where they brought up the question of dried peas, which the Red Army had seized from the Germans and fed to the starving population of Vienna, upon occupying the city in 1945. Now the Soviets wanted payment for these; but they weren't ready to say how much. At the last meeting they also threw in suddenly the demand for an inspection to see that Austria, which has no army, navy or air force, is properly "demilitarized"; and insisted that the deadlock on Trieste must be resolved before the Austrian Treaty can be signed.

We vigorously refused to consider tying in the Trieste question with an Austrian settlement at the time, and will doubtless continue to resist it. But it is doubtful if, in fact, an Austrian treaty can be concluded without a Trieste settlement. Our best tack would seem to be to tie in an Allied evacuation of Trieste, a valuable strategic bridgehead on the verge of Central Europe and linking us with Yugoslavia, with Soviet evacuation of troops from Hungary and Romania, which are justified in the peace treaties for those countries only as maintaining Soviet "lines-of-communication" with Austria.

This proposed swap illustrates very well the reason why the Western powers have fixed on Austria as a touchstone of Soviet intentions and the most worthwhile starting place in seeking a relaxation of tension between the free and Soviet worlds.

Neither side has any confidence in the other's good faith. Neither can be sure that negotiations will lead on to a general settlement. Therefore neither side wants to, or feels it dare, give up anything in preliminary settlements which might confer an advantage on the enemy if the peace-making process should be halted at that point and cold or hot war be resumed. Austria fits this situation, in Europe, just as Korea does in Asia.

In Austria we have one of those "positions of strength" which Acheson urged we must build up everywhere possible. Any agreement we make on Austria would be, as he put it, "self-enforcing." We wouldn't be relying on Soviet "honor" in keeping any promises they might make—such as, for example, the promises they made at Yalta on free elections in the Eastern European countries "liberated" by the Red Army. We are in occupation of over half of Austria; we don't have to give up anything until the Red Army gives up something. The moment it stops retreating, we can stop.

On the other hand, just because both sides have to give up something concrete, because they would have to evacuate an important position but not the major one, Austria seems the ideal place to find out if the Soviets really want to negotiate a *détente*. We would have to withdraw our troops, as would the Soviets. But we only have to withdraw to the German border and they only have to withdraw to the Hungarian border. This isn't the big move, which would only come with a German settlement, when we will want to see the Red Army go right back home, and the Soviets will demand that the U.S. Army be withdrawn across the Atlantic.

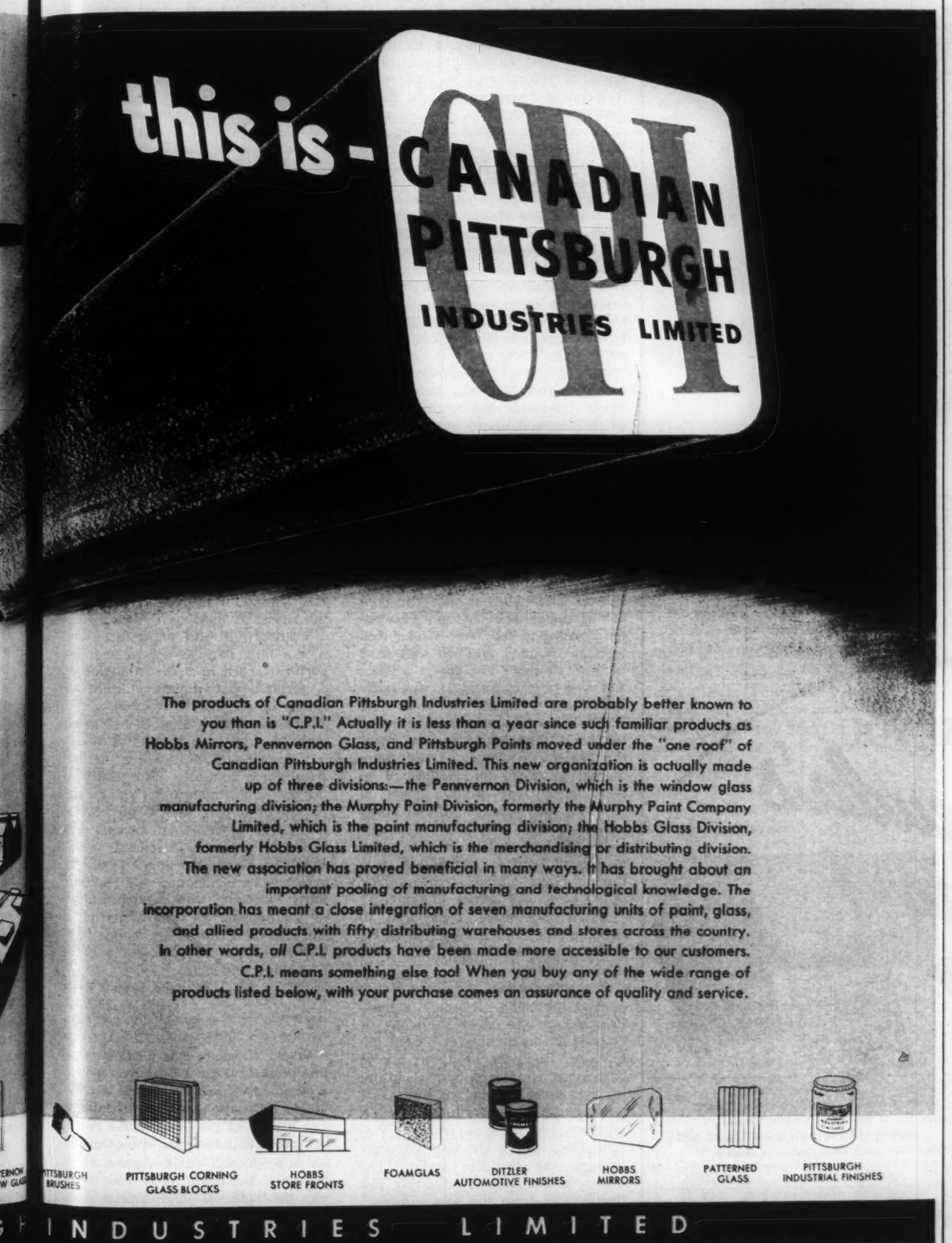
There have been many indications in Soviet propaganda and particularly in the *Pravda* reply to Eisenhower's peace challenge, that the Soviets were preparing to propose talks on Germany. This is a tremendously complex problem. The struggle for Germany is at the very heart of the cold war, just as that country would inevitably be the main theatre of another great war. Because the issue is so great and both sides are intent on a settlement which will ensure that Germany will ultimately be on their side, the negotiations are bound to be prolonged for months, if not years. (It is already over six years since Marshall, Bevin and Bidault went to the Four-Power Conference in Moscow to begin them.) Therefore the Western powers have agreed among themselves to forestall such a development by calling for new talks to complete the Austrian Treaty.

MEANTIME, on the other side of the world, painful progress is being made in the other test-case, a Korean truce. It rather looks as if Peking and Moscow, having decided on this, have called off the long-planned invasion of Laos, in Indo-China, when they found out what an uproar this caused throughout the world and realized that it might upset the Korean negotiations. If this supposition is correct—and it is as plausible an explanation as any for the curious reversal in Laos—it shows once again that when the Communists decide on a course of action—in this case a Korean truce—they are prepared to set aside temporarily other aims and programs, and are not easily deterred.

Some people have asked me if the Americans weren't just haggling and delaying things with all their questions about the disposition of the reluctant enemy POW's, and risking the conclusion of a truce. I have no doubt that, if a truce is concluded, we will find out how right they were to go carefully and seek every possible safeguard against the studied trickery of the enemy. One of the latter's most transparent aims is simply to hold the prisoners so long, under conditions which will allow the NKVD prison guards of "neutral" Communist Poland and Czechoslovakia periodic opportunities to get at the men with threats and promises, that the POW's will in the end give up hope and accept repatriation.

As for the broader aims of the enemy in accepting a truce in Korea, it should not be forgotten that, as already agreed, this will permit him to build airfields in North Korea; and it will set the date for a Far Eastern political conference bristling with embarrassment for our side.

WILLSON WOODSIDE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Films

Heights and Depths

AT THE present time Hollywood, haunted by television, seems to be suffering from what the psychologists describe as sibling-jealousy. In human terms, this usually takes the form of thumb-sucking, a return to the play-pen, baby-talk, and other types of infantilism. In Hollywood it seems to be represented by three-dimensional movies.

If you are interested in seeing how far the Industry is capable of reverting to infantilism from the promise of brilliant maturity, you have only to attend *Ninotchka* and then follow it up with *The House of Wax*.

Ninotchka was made in 1939; and it is almost impossible to imagine how it could have been made better. *The House of Wax* was apparently thrown together in recent months to capitalize on the novelty of Three D. It is hard to conceive how it could have been much worse.

To be sure, *Ninotchka* starred Greta Garbo and was directed by Ernst Lubitsch. But it had something over and above even these irreplaceable talents — a quicksilver gaiety and intelligence that play over the entire surface of the film, unifying it so completely that even the Garbo presence and the Lubitsch touch are not allowed to throw the other values out of focus.

If *Ninotchka* seems a little dated, it is on oddly advantageous grounds. For its underlying theme—the conflicting standards of behavior between the Soviet and the West—is handled with an urbanity and wit that have become almost a lost art in a more and more fearful world. It was fairly audacious to make *Ninotchka* in 1939, when a considerable part of the world still clung to illusions about the Soviet. It would be still more daring, however, for Hollywood to state its current disillusionment in terms of such lighthearted and affectionate comedy. In fact, a studio might run serious risks if it ventured to present such an enchanting creature as Greta Garbo as the product of Moscow and Soviet thinking.

When Hollywood feels free to make another picture like *Ninotchka*, the world will conceivably be a safer place to live in.

Probably the less said about *House of Wax* the better. It's about a lunatic sculptor who makes a hobby of embalming his victims in melted tallow. As usual, the producers are so engrossed in making objects leap out of the screen at the audience that nothing else seems worth their serious attention. As the mad sculptor, Vincent Price hams his way doggedly through the dreadful script. The others in the cast are scarcely distinguishable from the wax exhibits.

With *House of Wax* and *Bwana Devil* representing the low point in popular entertainment, it was lucky that John Huston's *Moulin Rouge* came along in time to strike a happier average.

The film takes the bare outline of Artist Toulouse-Lautrec's sorry, splendid story, and uses it to recreate the flamboyant Montmartre of the Nineteen Hundreds. Director Huston had the assistance here of Photographer Eliot Elisophon, who appears to have taken his color and design as directly as possible from the Toulouse-Lautrec canvases. The result, in purely visual terms, is an extraordinarily exciting film, with the shapes and tones that stimulated the imagination of the great man whirling riotously through the smoke-hung air of the Moulin Rouge. There is a particularly spirited can-can sequence, with the scarlet-skirted dancers gyrating furiously through the haze in huge period hats which, by some miracle, they contrive to keep on their heads even when they are standing on their hands. Whether or not all this represents the authentic night-time world of Toulouse-Lautrec, it is hard to say. In any case it doesn't matter, since it is so resoundingly effective as a screen spectacle.

The artist himself (Jose Ferrer), a frock-coated saturnine dwarf, provides the necessary note of grotesquerie in the midst of the carnival. In order to present himself as the famous cripple, Jose Ferrer wore a pair of false legs and went through the role on his knees. It must have been an excruciatingly painful experience, and it is a little hard to tell whether his performance here is the revelation of a tortured but impassive spirit or simply an exercise in stoicism.

The story, such as it is, has to do with his relationship with a lovely but heartless tramp, whom he befriends and comes to love, and who teaches him, among other things, the futility of hoping to live on normal terms with other human beings. She is played by Cecile Marchand, an actress who carries the story to extravagant heights of emotion and leaves it fairly humming with the momentum of her passing. In spite of its tragic story, *Moulin Rouge* is a wonderfully exuberant piece of work, and a beautiful thing to watch.

MARY LOWREY ROSS

•

Britain hopes to screen the world's first general release 3-D cartoon with a production planned for release in May. In his 3-D cartoon version of Edward Lear's story of the *Owl and the Pussycat*, producer John Halas sends them to sea in a 3-D boat with threepence wrapped in a five-pound note. Fish swim into the audience.—*Press release from the United Kingdom Information Office.*

Never mind the fish; where does the money go?

Letter from Montreal

The Time of the Wildly Improbable

OVER LATE SPRING in Montreal is apt to be an emotional season. In that breathless moment between cold and swelter, the leaves finally shake loose from their gummy buds, beetles swarm about the lamps on Sherbrooke Street, the sidewalks murmur with young couples sauntering hand in hand, the Bus To Nowhere is crowded and the middle-aged remember, as Horace did two millenniums ago, that though the snows may have fled and the swift moons of summer may restore all cosmic losses, neither Diana nor Theseus could save their dear ones from the ultimate forgetfulness of Lethe. Late spring in Montreal is lyric, and some day a lyric poet may make it immortal.

But early spring — the time of maple sugar and the occasional teasing warm day, of blowing dust and sudden nights of frost that burst the nascent rose canes, of the aftermath of influenza and half a million radios jabbering about the hockey playoffs— that is a time in Montreal that can best be called zany. It is during this early spring that the city seems to lose all cohesion, when the passions of winter peter out into nothingness and the wildly improbable occurs.

WE PICKED up our *Gazette* a short time ago expecting to see another story about McCarthy or Malenkov and instead there was a picture of a water moccasin that had bitten a man in the east end of Montreal the day before. Thanks to serum flown in from Hamilton, the unhappy victim lived. But at what other time in Montreal would a carnival worker be bitten by a cottonmouth?

Aside from the where and the when, there may be other connections between snakebites and a different kind of news story, with an appeal of a more universal nature.

As the papers told it, a fifty-five year old man named Elmer Read Wilson, standing in Criminal Court charged with stealing an overcoat from a rack in a department store, burst into tears before the judge as he proclaimed that it had not been avarice, but an excess of modesty, that had brought him to this predicament.

"I was in a crowded store," he sobbed to the judge, "and I wasn't wearing a belt or underwear. I felt my trousers slip down from my waist so I grabbed a coat from the rack to cover myself."

Liquor, he went on to explain, had undone him. He had taken his first drink when he joined the army at the age of fifteen, and on the day of the fatal incident he had taken a few more; to wit, fifteen ounces of hard liquor and forty ounces of wine.

"Consequently," he explained to His Lordship, "I was without topcoat, eye glasses, teeth, socks, underwear or belt when I entered the store!"

But the judge was unmoved when evidence was produced that Wilson had previously served time in Toronto, Newark, Sherbrooke, Montreal, Ottawa, Oshawa, Atlanta, Buffalo, Detroit, Fort William, Port Arthur, Sudbury, Hull, Quebec and Rimouski. And the defendant, after sentence was passed, continued to display that high moral magnanimity which had characterized him since his entrance into the court. "You are the best judge," he informed His Lordship, "I ever appeared before."

ZANIER still was the conclusion of The Great Montreal Vice Probe. It began almost three years ago, just after the sap had ceased to run; it reached its end this year about the time the first taps were hammered into the trees.

Neither Montreal nor any place else in Canada had ever seen its like. *There were fifteen thousand separate charges!*

With wit, with irony and with a patience unmatched since the days of early Israel, Mr. Justice François Caron had presided over this legal marathon, listening to more charges and counter charges, more evidence that in Montreal human nature intends to be human nature as long as the city stands and the St. Lawrence flows, than can possibly have come the way of all psychoanalysts who practise their profession in North America.

Now it has ended, and the judge has retired to the solitude of his chambers to see what sense or justice he can make of it all.

But for the citizens of Montreal who began following this drama before the Korean War broke out, a serial comedy has been concluded. What will take its place to make us laugh over our breakfast coffee?

THERE were the unforgettable names the reporters seized on— Mrs. Delicato Bisanti, Mr. Kryroskos Harris and, of course, Mr. Pacifique Plante. There was the witness who testified under oath (regardless of His Lordship's reminders of the penalties for perjury) that although his premises had been raided more than a hundred times, he himself had been unaware of the fact, because he was a quiet man "who minded his own business." There was the grateful information (preferred as a charge against the police) that when bawdy houses were padlocked, the locks were placed on only one of their several doors.

There was the witness whose professional pride was so stung that she protested indignantly that bawdy houses in the east end, where she worked, were every bit as high-class as those in the west end.

There was the girl who informed the court, as though surprised that the court did not know it anyway, that you could always distinguish the keeper of a house from the staff because the keepers wore mink coats.

But it remained for this year's zany season to turn up the most endearing of all the testimonies that Mr. Justice Caron had to listen to. In the final days of the probe, City Councillor Frank Hanley was called, and according to the account in *The Montreal Star*, his evidence set a tone of insouciant candor that must surely be unique in Canadian courts of law.

Mr. Hanley began by informing the court that the statements he had made in 1940 and 1941, criticizing the vice situation in Montreal, had been made "purely for personal publicity," and when the judge questioned him more closely on this point, he played his part magnificently.

MR. HANLEY: "I realize now how green I was."

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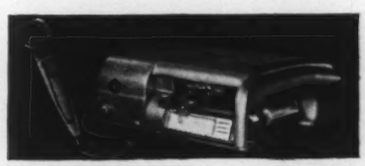

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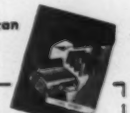

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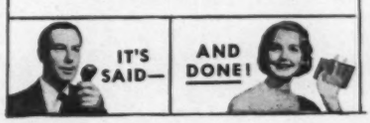

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wiser you are now?"

MR. HANLEY: "I certainly would not criticize the City of Montreal now."

Mr. Hanley admitted further that, at the time of his eloquent protests against vice conditions in the city, he had possessed no knowledge of the situation whatever. Turning to Pacifique Plante and Jean Drapeau, legal advisers of the probe petitioners, he spoke with a light-hearted honesty which other politicians would do well to study.

"In 1940 and 1941," he said, "at the start of my term in public life, I wanted publicity. Newspapers were always happiest to get criticism of gambling. What I said was for publicity, not based on knowledge. I certainly wouldn't make statements like that now."

HIS LORDSHIP: "You don't need the publicity any more?"

MR. HANLEY: "I've been very successful with the press. At the beginning of my career, I made many remarks that had no foundation. Now I avoid newspapermen if possible. If I had any criticism of the city, I would not give it to the papers. I want to preserve Montreal's reputation!"

To this decalaration one can only remark that so long as men like Mr. Hanley continue to serve on the City Executive Committee, the reputation of Montreal's civic government, famed throughout Canada, will remain unchanged and secure.

HUGH MACLENNAN

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Summerside (PEI) Journal: Human conduct is a strange thing. When it comes right down to the essence of the situation there are very few people who govern their conduct entirely by the law—either human or divine. Most of us select certain laws which we intend to obey—or at least admit that we should obey—and certain others that we do not intend to even try to obey. How then can law enforcement be anything else but difficult when most of us have certain laws reserved to keep and certain ones to break?

New York Herald Tribune: The number of people who get on comfortably without the word "whom" is large and probably growing larger. There was a time when a judiciously placed "whom" was a mark of all that was most elegant and Ciceronian in English speech. Now, if an ordinary mortal hears the word used he is apt to be slightly disconcerted, as if the speaker had blundered into another language or worn a stiff shirt at a picnic.

St. John's Evening Telegram: Another colorful Newfoundland custom was flipped blithely into the waste basket this week, when the Minister of Health, acting on the advice of the St. John's Municipal Council, forbade the sale of seal flippers in St. John's (or anywhere else) unless they are first "wrapped in a clean wrapper." The Council's campaign to disinfect, air-condition and dehydrate St. John's is proceeding apace, but we think this is going a little too far. A hospital ward sterility for our city streets is not desirable lest we become just another of those streamlined, well-planned, completely soulless and flavorless small cities with no more character than a jet plane on a production line.

Washington Post: It's good news that the first lady has taken over one of the president's many chores of protocol, reception of American crowned heads. For the procession of queens into Washington has just begun, and during the next six months may reach a proportion to keep a head of state bogged down in photographic ritual. Much of the president's time is already taken up seeing the emissaries of foreign royalty.

Mrs. Eisenhower has received a Snow Queen and a Winter Carnival Queen. It is a safe guess that all the traditional queens representing American agriculture and industry will be along later. And since most queens come to Washington to visit their congressmen (and remind them of the products they represent) it is possible the new reciprocal trade legislation may bring out some new queens. At any rate, the beauty queens can be counted on, also the regional queens, the festival queens and no telling how many others. London may have its big coronation pageant next June, but Washington has a continuing cavalcade of royalty.

Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery: Nato is swamped by so many committees, conferences and talk that you cannot see the wood for the trees.

Books

First Steps In Fiction

WE SHOULD SHOW some tenderness and sympathy toward the work of beginners in any of the arts, and not least in the art of writing fiction. A few novelists have begun work at the top of their form. Jane Austen led off with *Sense and Sensibility*, and it would take a sharper eye than mine to spot it as a first novel. *Pickwick*, after a wobbly beginning, contains passages as fine as anything Dickens ever wrote. But as a general thing, beginnings in fiction are tentative.

Today let us take a look at the first fruits of two beginners in fiction: the first is a gentleman already established as a writer in mathematics and philosophy, who has ventured upon fiction at the age of eighty; the second is a young American, now twenty-nine, who appears never to have written anything before.

Bertrand Russell, in a long life devoted to the pursuit of wisdom, has learned that a vital part of the technique of any art is knowing what to leave out. His philosophical works and his essays are models of succinctness and compression. But his first book of fiction, a volume of short stories called *Satan in the Suburbs*, leaves out too much.

It is perfectly all right for him to leave out probability, for his stories are pure invention, and make no claim to realism. It is all right for him to leave out character, and to make all his people talk as cleverly as possible, for the result is brilliantly witty. But it is not all right for him to leave out every scrap of humanity; not even Congreve did that. Nor is it all right for him to invent complex plots and then tire of them in the middle; he disappoints us, and we feel that a wonderfully wise and amusing grandpa has brought his bedtime story to a hasty and unsatisfactory conclusion in order that we should not miss our early sleep.

It is clear that Russell has greatly enjoyed himself in writing these five stories, and his pleasure is so infectious that we share it. He is free from any necessity to be sober, and to keep up that elaborate rearguard action which is such a tiresome characteristic of philosophical writing.

He has always had a fondness for the wild generalization; Santayana commented at some length on this characteristic in the last volume of his autobiography, *My Host The World*. In these tales we see the world somewhat as Bertrand Russell believes it to be, and somewhat as he might like it to be. And what a happy world it would be for a man of his kidney! The fools are such unmistakable, uproariously wrong-headed fools! The rich people are so despicably, inordinately rapacious and crooked! The clergy are such wildly, farcically mutton-headed devil-worshippers! And, as in the works of Bernard Shaw, the wicked people are so charming and logical. It is very good fun, and we are persuaded as we read to wish that the world were just such a black-and-white harlequinade, where all the wearisome greys were wiped out of existence.

In the world of reality, of course, a complete fool is a great rarity. Rich people are often quite honest and decent. Clergymen are frequently very reasonable fellows, and wicked people are more often than not detestable, illogical, pig-headed and boorish. But Russell has not chosen to write about the world of reality, and we do not require him to write realistically.

We do, however, require him to be consistent and complete within the artistic framework which he has chosen, and that is where he fails. All his stories bear one, and only one, mark of amateurishness; they begin with promise, and they fizzle out before the end. Style, wit, wisdom they have; the suspense, followed by fulfilment, which we may fittingly ask of any piece of fiction, they have not.

It is not my wish, however, to be harsh toward one of the most promising beginners of recent years—of one who, if he would only give more heed to his plots, it would be a pleasure to compare with Voltaire. We shall all hope for great things from Lord Russell's next book.

WHAT Russell lacks, Leon Uris has in generous measure—and it is all he has. *Battle Cry* is twice too long, and after the first five pages this reader began to moan—but not to stop reading. Mr. Uris has chosen a familiar, but good, story. He begins with a group of green recruits to the U.S. Marines; we follow them through their training and into battle, in which many of them are killed. We do not miss a thing; Leon Uris has still to learn the lesson of what to leave out, and unless he is a very lucky author indeed, he will never learn it, for he has the modern bad American novelist's obsession with trivial, unenlightening detail.

He has also a frightening mastery of the cliché. I had thought that I would never again read, in a serious work of fiction, about a young woman who, at a tense moment in the plot, feels inside herself the first kick of her unborn child; but here she is, right on page 379. The commander who loses all his toughness and weeps over the slaughter of one of his men is best exemplified in Fluellen, in *Henry V;* Leon Uris has not been able to leave this out. Nor has he

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scorned that palsied stereotype of fiction, the prostitute with a fine soul who is reclaimed by the love of a nice young soldier (who is killed, of course). His soldiers are all old friends — the tough sergeant, the understanding old soldier, the farmer in uniform, the Jew who proves his worth to the Jew-hater, the young husband who is unfaithful to his wife and regrets it, the Marine who reads hard books and listens to classical records but has guts in spite of it, the fellow who has had a raw deal from life and is given a broader vision by war—they are all here, and any others you can think of. And they all talk in a monotonously filthy lingo which may thrill old ladies on the verandahs of summer hotels, but which quickly palls upon anyone who has ever heard much of it. When such threadbare characterization has been made to serve, it cannot be given life by a literal transcription of regimental obscenity.

A strong element in this book which does not appear to be consciously introduced by the author is nevertheless a familiar one in books about soldiers of elite groups. It is the contempt in which women are held, except when some conventional bow toward romance is necessary. These men talk a lot about "broads" and perpetually assert their need for them, but their devotion is reserved for their comrades-in-arms, and it passes the love of women. It is the spirit of the Theban Band.

Why so much about a book which is in so many ways unsatisfactory, the reader may ask? Because *Battle Cry* has one striking quality: it is the work of a man with talent as a story-teller. He does not flag half-way through his tale, as Bertrand Russell does. He carries his reader, with mounting tension, right through to the last page. On the way he commits every sort of literary sin; he misuses words, he struggles in the toils of grammar like Laocoon wrestling with the serpents, he works every corny trick and he brings in every phoney character, but he tells his story with conviction and power. He possesses the first and greatest gift of a novelist.

If, by some magic of the kind that Bertrand Russell likes to introduce into his stories, Russell and Uris could be brought into a happy collaboration, we might hope for anything—a new *Gargantua*, or a modern *Don Quixote*. But the gods continue to bestow their gifts without any real regard for the needs of contemporary literature.

SATAN IN THE SUBURBS, by Bertrand Russell —pp. 138—illustrations by Asgeir Scott—*Nelson*—$2.00.

BATTLE CRY,—by Leon Uris—pp. 505—*Allen* —$4.00.

ROBERTSON DAVIES

In Brief

HOTEL TALLEYRAND—by Paul Hyde Bonner—pp. 300—*Saunders*—$4.50.

Mr. Bonner has gone from Rome, and his successful first novel, to Paris and another undoubtedly successful *roman*. The Americans are high-class (excepting the visiting Senator), so are the French, the brothel, the doomed and lovely Communist agent, the sterling young American civil servant, and so of course is the American diplomatic centre, the Hotel Talleyrand with its Marshall Aid missioners. Only the tragedy is not top drawer, and certainly not Sophoclesian, the Comte de St. Avit's word for it. But it is explosive. One guesses that the author is too fond of his characters and public to lay them low. The end is indecisive.

The characters are firmly introduced, the story develops clearly. One's interest mounts in the personal situations, falters in Marshall Aid and Communism. The author generalizes succinctly, phrases wittingly, and decorates his scenes vividly. A smooth, artful novel with a big whiff of pretension and European snobbery.

TORNADOES OF THE UNITED STATES—by Snowden D. Flora—pp. 194—indexed and illustrated—*Burns & MacEachern*—$4.50.

This treatise on the most violent storm that nature produces discusses not only the appearance and occasion of tornadoes but also how to escape death and protect property. A caption under one of the awesome photographs gives a hint of the shivers and calm technicalities in the text: "Moving slowly in excellent light, this tornado (in Kansas in 1929) was visible for thirty miles, and everyone had a chance to seek safety. Where the funnel touched the ground, destruction was complete."

The author, a meteorologist, was in the climatological service of the USA for many years. The subject has general interest because the phenomenon is widespread across the continent. In 1949 the U.S. had 262 reported tornadoes, killing 140 persons and causing property damage amounting to more than $40 million. Canada has tornadoes too, but not on the same scale.

IN THE WET—by Nevil Shute—pp. 337—*McLeod*—$4.00.

In the rainy season along the Gulf of Carpentaria (north Australia) in the present year of grace, an old padre, feverish with malaria, holds the hand of a dying drunkard bushman who lives in a shack with a Chinese, a Buddhist. In the fantasy of fever, opium and the afterworld which follows, Queen Elizabeth is past middle-age, Prince Charles is in his thirties, the U.K. Secretary of State for Air, a Lord, is also shop steward at an iron factory. Britain is unpeopled and impoverished. Canada and Australia are thriving bulwarks of Commonwealth and Throne. The sore-beset Queen and Court find sanctuary in both countries, brought there by the Queen's Flight with an innately noble Australian Air Force quadroon as pilot.

The fiddle-faddle about color is boring. The love story and skilfully woven plot between future and present will be bitter-sweet to the affectionate readers of Mr. Shute, who is currently justifying his emigration to Australia. He is one of the best English story-tellers of the day. His sermon this time is that multiple votes (the most to the ablest and

non-Socialist) will save Commonwealth and Throne. The future is made so real that one hopes the Queen does not read the book.

THE UNDERSEA ADVENTURE — by Phillipe Diole, translated from the French—pp. 236 and 24 plates—Copp, Clark.

The undersea adventure is losing its novelty. This is the third book on the same subject noted in these columns in recent months. The other two were Captain Cousteau's *The Silent World* and Commander Borghese's less likable *Sea Devils*. But after explorers come exploiters and interpreters of new-found worlds. This book is a literary exploitation of Cousteau and his group.

As interpreter, the author seeks to humanize the "submarine countries without shadow," the short horizons where silence reigns, the sea surface which becomes a ceiling. Thus he touches the new extension of our world with natural science, philosophic speculation and historical allusions, as well as describing it. He mentions Pliny, and the famous *urinatores* of classical times who stayed under water for long spells with their mouths full of oil.

The author's diving experience and the excellent photographs are not as good and exciting as in *The Silent World*, but the mind is sent on interesting rambles.

He suggests that the ocean depths give us the chance of a new humanism: "Just as there is no part of a diver's body which remains unexercised or unsoothed in the sea, so there is no part of his mind not brought into play. What possibilities lie ahead?" And what of the diver's euphoria of which Cousteau has written?

THE BOUNTY LANDS—by William Donohue Ellis—pp. 492—Nelson, Foster & Scott—$4.95.

The hero begins with a land warrant for a hundred acres in Ohio, a bounty in return for his father's military service in Revolutionary days. He ends with a zealously-developed new strain of pigs and clear title to his land. He drives a fabulous herd five hundred miles east to market the hogs for gold, gets it, and returns to redeem paper money, to restore his friends and neighbors to prosperity, and to frustrate enemies and banks and land-schemers. Between times, there are romances, pioneer struggles, stirring events between good and bad men, and large splashes of Ohio frontier social history. The time is the first half of the last century.

The novel is long. The prose is undistinguished. Yet there is plenty of action and sentiment and sincerity to carry an easy going reader enjoyably through nearly five hundred pages.

U-BOAT 977—by Heinz Schaeffer—pp. 207—Ryerson—$3.75.

Should one forget war-time feelings in reviewing such a book as this? Let its ending say: "I decided from the day I first met the Argentinians that the best thing would be to make my home in Argentina and so escape from a world that had lost all sense of decency. For there is nothing the defeated appreciate more than that their victors should have a decent respect for them. So I am living in Argentina today". So let him live, recollecting the exploits of U-boat 977—very notable they were. (It did not, in its sixty-day submersion to the Argentine at the end of the war, take Hitler with it.)

"I have taken with me the greatest thing the Second World War left me—a faith unshaken in the German people". It is a choking story. One gulps twice: first at the fortitude of the writer, the U-boat crew and the German people; the second time at the effrontery of its English-language publication.

For The Young

Ages 8 to 11.

LITTLE DERMOT AND THE THIRTY STONES—by Richard Bennett — Longmans, Green — $3.00.

Excellent re-tellings of eight Irish folk tales; charming, dramatic and sinewy in language, they have the true ring of the traditional story, and are like a draught of good water after the folksy, the cute and the sub-Disney tone of many new children's stories. They do not lend themselves to summary here, so it must suffice to say that this is a true find for parents who rebel against the cute-mindedness of our day, and who want something that their children and they themselves can love and respect. Good pictures by the author.

A GIFT FOR MERIMOND—by Mildred Napier Anderson, pictures by J. Paget—Fredericks—Oxford—$2.75.

An excellent treatment of a classic theme. Merimond, prince of Dalmeria, is blessed at his christening with the ability to gain anything he wishes for. Being a venturesome boy, this creates some trouble, and the granting of each wish brings sorrow in its train. One of Merimond's brightest ideas is to wish that all the elephants and tigers in a procession be transposed, so that dignified persons suddenly find themselves on tiger-back. But at last, when Merimond has proved himself, by his own efforts, to be a good and worthy man, the embarrassing gift is remitted. This is a moral tale, but it is charmingly and lightly treated, and there is no heavy-handed rubbing-in of the moral. A handsome book, beautifully illustrated with black and white drawings and silhouettes.

Ages 9-12.

THE BOY PRINCE OF WESTERLAND—by F. R. Gillman—Clarke, Irwin—$2.00.

Ruritanian romance for the young. Prince Jon of Westerland and his sister Nina learn the duties and responsibilities of royalty, and when their country is drawn into a war they are taken away for safety, but resolve to return as soon as they can. Obviously written to meet the present interest in royalty, but well done, and the fast-moving story has some bones in it.

JOHN AND JUAN IN THE JUNGLE—by Ivan T. Sanderson, with pictures by Miguel Covarrubias—Dodd, Mead—$3.50.

A marvellous combination of a distinguished text with wonderful pictures, and though it is somewhat expensive many a child will treasure this book all its life. Juan, a South American boy, shows the wonder of the South American jungle to his American friend John; fascinating and exact information (for the writer is a distinguished naturalist) conveyed without any of the blight of "education". The pictures, by one of the greatest of living artists, are superb, and beautifully reproduced. A book of lasting value and delight.

Age 12 and upward.

THE YOUNG BREVINGTONS—by Irene Byers—Clarke, Irwin—$2.00.

A mother and her children, having lost most of their money, move into a district where a gang of tough children are just about to get themselves into trouble with the police. With the help of some moneyed friends, they establish a club, and create a better atmosphere in the district. *Child*: "I read it in one sitting. Convincing? Sure, why not?"

•

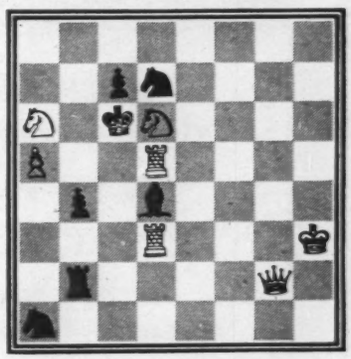
Chess Problem

IN THE last year or so the chess problem world has suffered grievous losses in the passing of T. R. Dawson of Croydon, Surrey, Alain White of Summerville, S.C., Otto Wurzburg of Grand Rapids and Dr. J. J. O'Keefe of Australia. Further back Cincinnati lost the brilliant Dr. H. W. Bettman. We have to go back as far as Sept. 14 for the death of Phillip Hamilton Williams, which occured during a business trip to Market Harborough, Leicestershire. He was a chartered accountant.

Williams's compositions number about 1,200, an astonishing total considering his other accomplishments. He was a first-rate organist and pianist, and the composer of several cantatas. An expert photographer, he was one of the first to take up color photography. Williams was also a renowned wit.

Even in chess Williams was a noted writer and lecturer, and just prior to his death delivered a lecture on "Chess Psychology" at the Royal Mint Chess Club. He was the author of three chess books, and for years was problem editor of the defunct Chess Amateur. His favorite diversion was Kriegspiel, a form of chess in which the two players sit back to back at separate tables. Williams's good natured banter at the third umpire's board was always an attraction.

Problem No. 14, by P. H. Williams
Black—Seven Pieces.



White—Seven Pieces.
White to play and mate in two.

Williams's favorite type of problem was the mutate, and in joint authorship with R. Gevers of Antwerp published a volume of 325 examples in 1919. The title, "All Change Here!," is a familiar cry on English railway stations.

Reproduced in this volume is Williams's famous "Tube Problem," our No. 14 above, a mutate with a subtle key-move. He composed it on a pocket board while seated on the floor of King's Cross Tube Station, at 2 a.m. during an air raid in World War I, in the company of a host of children from one of the poor districts.

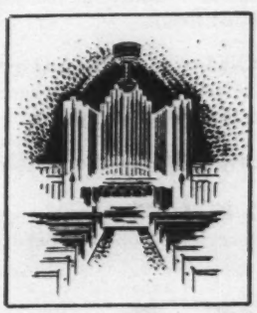
Solution of Problem No. 13

Key-move 1. Q-KB1.

If P-Q3; 2.PxKB(Kt) mate. If K-Kt3 or P-Q5; 2.PxQB (Kt) mate. If K-Q3; 2.Q-B6 mate.

There are two threats, 2.Q-R6 mate and 2.PxQB(Kt) mate.

"CENTAUR"



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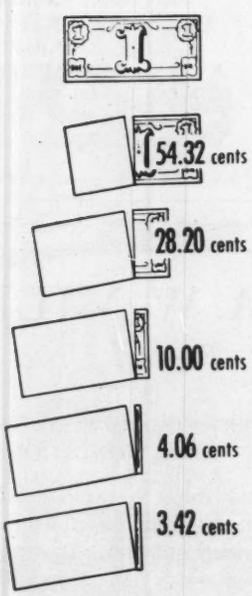

At times most of us have looked at purse, wallet or bank-book, and wondered: "Where *does* the money go?"

Each year we at Imperial add up the company's bills to see what happened to the money we received in the previous 12 months for the gasoline, fuel oil and other products we sell. Here's where each dollar of Imperial's 1952 income went:

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OPERATING expenses took more than 28 cents. This was the cost of searching for and producing crude oil, and of manufacturing and marketing the hundreds of products we supplied for thousands of uses. Throughout the year high quality products were made available where and when you needed them.

TAXES to provincial and federal governments took 10 cents. And this did not include gasoline tax, which—depending on where you live—took from 24 to 36 cents out of every dollar you spent for standard grade gasoline.

DIVIDENDS paid to shareholders for use of plants and equipment amounted to 4.06 cents.

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Sports

Watch Your Head, Mac!

BRANCH RICKEY, the leading exponent of baseball rhetoric and hyperbole, has decreed that his Pittsburgh Pirates must wear fibre helmets in their professional appearances. An examination of the Pirates' win and loss record for the past two seasons, indicates that Mr. Rickey is taking a step in the right direction. The Pirates have been unable to win a place on the base paths consistently through the customary practice of striking the ball with the bat. Now, they can stick their protected noggins in the path of the pitched ball, thus obtaining a legal free trip to first base.

Only a cynic would mention the fact that Mr. Rickey happens to be president of the company which manufactures the fibreglass helmets which are being purchased by his Pirates. In any event, the Pirates, since their cerebella were swaddled in fibreglass, have been assaulting the foreign pitching in reckless fashion.

With this one masterly stroke, Branch Rickey has placed himself in a special alcove among the sports immortals, along with Foul-Proof Taylor. Mr. Taylor, a genius in his own right, invented a protective belt which made it virtually impossible for a boxer to receive a damaging foul blow below the belt-line. In order to demonstrate the efficacy of his device, Mr. Taylor would permit himself to be struck with a baseball bat in what is referred to euphemistically as "the vital zone."

Mr. Rickey's invention is designed to eliminate the physical and psychological threat of the time-honored "bean-ball" or "duster." This means that one of the pitcher's most effective guns has been spiked and it is to be feared that, in the not too distant future, the scores in National Baseball League will approximate the scores in the National Football League or first division English County Cricket.

The "bean-ball" has been employed, through the ages, to unnerve the batsman who implants himself too securely in the batter's box. The pitcher, quite inadvertently of course, throws the ball in the vicinity of the batsman's eyeballs, causing him to duck and, often, to eat a peck of dirt. This treatment results in the batsman being extremely limber when he resumes his upright stance and; indeed, his state is described, among the members of the trade, as "loosey-goosey."

The "bean-ball" has caused at least one important fatality. Carl Mays, the celebrated hurler of the submarine-ball, left the Boston Red Sox to pitch for the New York Yankees and, in one of his first games for his new club, he beaned Ray Chapman of the Cleveland Indians. Chapman died later in hospital. Chapman's death created a terrific furore at the time, although Mays always maintained that the beaning was unintentional. The courts accepted Mays' version of the fatality.

Nonetheless, Mays seldom is remembered as a pitcher with a very fine record. More simply, he is remembered as "the man who killed Ray Chapman."

Another Big Leaguer, the famed Jimmy Foxx, nearly was killed while barnstorming in Canada. He was beaned, quite unintentionally, by Dunc Irvine, an erratic Winnipeg left-hander. He fell, unconscious, but through some reflex action, his jaws

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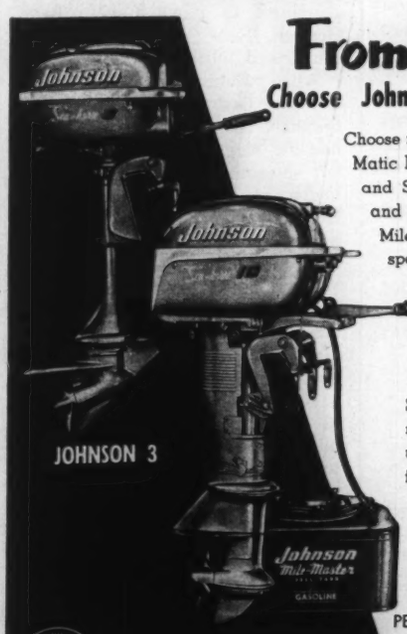

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continued to chew on his wad of gum as he lay on the ground.

He recovered, after a spell in a Winnipeg hospital, but Foxx was one of the first players, subsequently, to use an earlier version of the protective helmet which Deacon Rickey proposes to sell to all baseball teams.

An early-day extrovert named Walter "Duster" Mails was fond of boasting of his prowess with a beanball. Mails maintained that he could part a batsman's hair without disturbing a bubble of brilliantine. Baseball wasn't large enough to hold Mr. Mails, and ultimately he became a publicist in California, where the oranges grow as large as watermelon.

It is notable that very few beanballs were thrown at George Herman "Babe" Ruth during his long and glamorous career. The opposing pitchers knew very well that, if they irritated Ruth, he was quite likely to knock the next pitch clear out of the park.

Joe Krakauskas was a Canadian who never threw a ball in anger, but the batsmen would have welcomed protective helmets in his heyday in the American League. Krakky was large and amiable, but he was only vaguely aware of the location of the plate.

It is recorded that Bob Considine, who had been a Washington sports columnist, went to London as a war correspondent. He was in London all through the terrible bombings. Later he wrote to Clark Griffith, owner of the Washington Senators: "It has been pretty rugged here, but I felt safer in London during the bombings than I felt in the press box when Krakauskas was pitching."

Mr. Rickey should insist upon the outfielders, as well as the batsmen, wearing protective helmets. Rickey's portable bomb-shelters would have prolonged the careers of such sterling characters as Floyd Caves "Babe" Herman, Hack Wilson and Smack-Em Smead Jolley.

When Herman played for the Brooklyn Dodgers and Wilson played for the Chicago Cubs, they were formidable sluggers, but their fielding left something to be desired. As a matter of fact, critics insisted that Herman couldn't catch a fly-ball unless it struck him on the head. It was only fitting that, in his latter days, Wilson should join Herman in the Brooklyn outfield, where the thud of crashing skulls was heard almost as often as the crack of the bat meeting the ball.

Jolley was handicapped, during his Major League career, by a small hill in the right field corner of Boston's Fenway Park. When Jolley pursued a fly-ball, invariably he fell when running up this small hill. The Red Sox management insisted upon Jolley learning to run up the hill and he spent toilsome hours in practice.

Finally, when he had mastered the art of mountaineering, Jolley was sent back into right field. At the crack of the bat, he sped up his little hill successfully and stood waiting for the ball. The ball wasn't hit quite that far and Jolley was forced to run down the hill to meet it.

Yup, he fell, half-way down the hill. Afterwards he complained: "They taught me to run up that hill, but nobody bothered to tell me how to run *down*."

Jolley substituted as catcher for the Red Sox one night. An opposing batter sent up a harmless little pop foul and Jolley whipped off his mask and cap to wait for the descending ball.

A howl of delighted laughter went up from the crowd. When Smead whipped off his cap, he revealed to the Boston public for the first time that he was as bald as a cue ball.

Horribly embarrassed, Jolley clasped his nude pate with his catcher's mitt and let the pop-foul fall, uncaught.

Which reminds us of the misfortunes which befell Moe Aderholt, an honest baseball practitioner who was pressed into action in left field for the Toronto Maple Leafs one night. Moe had exactly three chances—three dinky flies. To his everlasting confusion, he dropped all three of them and, even now, his nights are haunted by the sounds of the crowd's hysterical but not unsympathetic laughter as he went after that third fly with impending disaster written all over his face.

Uncle Wilbert Robinson probably could have used a protective helmet that afternoon when he offered to catch a baseball thrown from an airplane. As manager of the Brooklyn Dodgers, such a suggestion could be expected from him.

He sent Casey Stengel aloft in the airplane to throw the baseball. The plane swooped low over Ebbets Field and Stengel took dead-aim on his waiting manager.

Uncle Robbie made a perfect catch.

But Stengel hadn't thrown a baseball from that plane—he had thrown an over-ripe grapefruit.

JIM COLEMAN

•

The Naive Navy

A patient who recently left a Royal Naval Hospital was moved to write to a British daily newspaper to say which BBC programs he and his mates had listened to during their spell in the wards. There was unanimous agreement that the best program of the day was "Listen With Mother", the fifteen minutes in the early afternoon devoted to songs and stories for children under the age of five. The lads, said this listener, "enjoyed all the stories and joined in the nursery rhymes", which seems to indicate that the average Naval rating has a charming naive and simple outlook, or possibly, a great relish for the softer things of life as a contrast to the preoccupation with warlike activities which is the Serviceman's usual lot.—*An item in the BBC's London Letter.*

•

Don't Tell Me

For years I have scribbled
my heart out in verse,
most of it second-rate,
some of it worse.

But recently somebody
called me a POET.
Good heavens, don't tell me
I've started to show it!

HELEN BALL

Business

Defence Spending Not Vital to Economy

By C. M. SHORT

WITH THE "PEACE OFFENSIVE" that Russia and her satellites appear to have launched has raised the question of what would happen to the free world's economy if defence expenditures should be cut. In the case of Canada, a quite precise answer can be made, based on official records.

The estimated expenditures for national defence in the current fiscal year ending March 31 next, a little over $2 billion, are less than 10 per cent of the expected total national production. If the Communist action convinced the democracies that they could safely cut their defence expenditures in two, Canada could then bring her own defence costs down to about $1 billion. Accordingly, the national economy of this country would be directly affected to the extent of less than 5 per cent.

Such a loss could hardly cause a depression, although it might make things difficult for high-cost business units and for those concerns dependent mainly on rearmament orders. Further losses might be incurred in various exporting industries now supplying strategic materials to Canada's allies, notably the United States and Britain. However, such losses would not be serious for well-managed industries which have always depended in peacetime on the markets for civilian requirements.

A much more important question at this time is what would happen to the Canadian economy if new capital expenditures by private enterprise were to be cut. Such expenditures planned for the year 1953, plus those for maintenance and repair, which require materials and labor in relatively the same proportions as new construction and equipment, are more than double the estimates for national defence after allowing for Federal aid to development of natural resources and to defence-supporting industries. If these private capital expenditures were reduced by half, the loss to the national economy would be at least $2 billion, and the effects would be more widespread than any possible cut in the rearmament program.

The capital expenditures projected for 1953 of a strictly private character (excluding all public works by Dominion, provincial and municipal authorities and omitting also residential construction, amounting to over $4 billion), may reasonably be expected to be carried out. However, this year's program of private capital expenditures differs from that of some previous years.

Considerable industrial plant expansion undertaken prior to 1953 has been completed and many large projects of the same character are scheduled for completion during the first half of this year. But an accelerated rate is expected for utilities, such as hydro-electric plants, for mineral development, and for trade and other commercial services in the forms of retail and wholesale outlets, office buildings and hotels, as well as for communication facilities (mainly telephones) and railway equipment, expenditures on which in former years appear to have been less than were actually needed for a Canada undergoing the strong economic growth of the post-war period.

This year's private capital expenditure program follows the one of the 1946-52 period which saw nearly $20 billion spent in the development of natural resources, the building, equipment, maintenance and repair of industrial plants, utilities (railway, communication and power facilities) and trade, commercial and financial services. The primary industries, agriculture, fishing, forestry and mining, accounted for about one-quarter of these large expenditures; manufacturing for one-third; utilities for slightly over one-fifth; and trade, financial and commercial services for approximately 15 per cent. The expansion and improvement in these economic fields of private enterprise represent by far the greater part of the additions to, and maintenance and repair of, this country's productive and distributive systems. It should be noted, however, that another $5 billion have been spent on housing accommodation and by all forms of government for necessary public works, as well as for some additional productive and distributive services, hydro-electric power for Ontario and Quebec and government-owned railway lines, for example.

These figures alone do not convey the full extent of this country's economic development. Since 1945, Canada has been in an era of tremendous development of natural resources and industry. This expansion stretches across half a continent—right from Newfoundland to the Yukon—and takes in economic wildernesses regarded only a few years ago as locked in ice and silence.

So much attention has been focused on the rich new iron fields in the Quebec-Labrador region and on the western oil discoveries as to obscure quite important developments elsewhere. Newfoundland and Ontario are extending their iron mining operations; the Maritime Provinces have become sources of non-ferrous base metals; a large copper property is being opened up in the Gaspe district of Quebec and the north-western part of that province is the scene of extensive work on copper, lead and zinc deposits; Manitoba is a new source of nickel; asbestos mining is now carried on in Ontario and British Columbia as well as in Quebec; and the Yukon, which once had only the lure of gold, has joined the ranks of lead-zinc producers. So, mining now has national scope instead of being concentrated, as it once was, in a few easily accessible areas.

As already noted, manufacturing has undergone relatively the greatest expansion, but with surplus capacity in some branches, such as textiles and certain varieties of woodpulp, its progress has been checked for the time being at least. However, industries complementary to mineral development continue to spring up east and west as processing facilities have been attracted to new sources of primary materials. So industrialization, like mining, has spread. Thus the western provinces have some of the largest and most modern new metallurgical and chemical plants; on the other side of Canada, the Maritimes have increased their industrial capacity by about one-third since 1945.

WHILE industrial expansion seems to have reached its peak and is probably on the decline, there is considerable leeway for commercial, trade, transportation and communication services, for these have yet to catch up with the extension and improvement in the development of natural resources and in the new and improved manufacturing facilities of recent years. Moreover, the development of mineral resources is a long-range project extending over a period of years. Taking just the 1950-55 period, the relative undertakings provide for a three-fold increase in petroleum; one of about five times in iron ore; 15 per cent in nickel, lead and zinc; and 10 per cent in copper; together with quite substantially higher production in tungsten, cobalt, magnesium, titanium and sulphur.

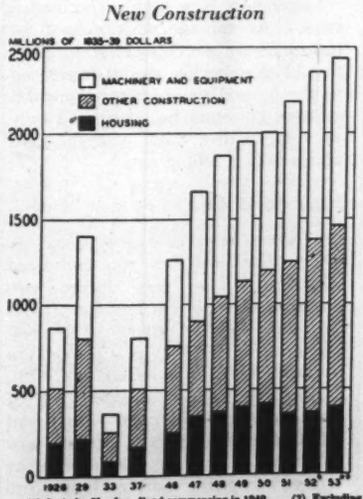
Figures do not portray in themselves the full extent of this mineral development program, however impressive they may be. They are merely symbols which require some explanatory matter. Minerals are really not "new", for they were formed hundreds of millions of years ago in some of the great convulsive movements that shaped the crust of earth upon which we live today. What is new is the discovery of these natural resources in Canada, hastened by the more pressing need for metals.

Nearly ten years ago, I asked Dr. R. R. Sayers, Director of the United States Bureau of Mines, Washington, this question: "How long do you think it will be before the United States has come to Canada for industrial metals such as copper, lead and zinc, in something like the same proportions as it now depends upon

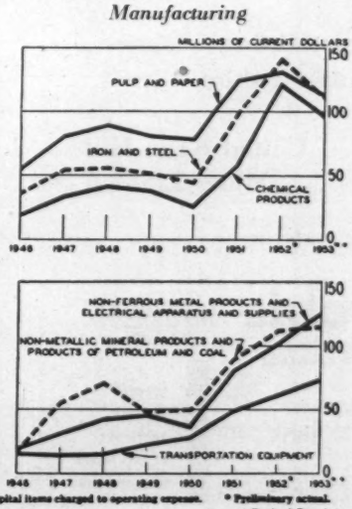
CONTINUED ON PAGE 31

Capital Expenditures

New Construction



Manufacturing



(1) Includes Newfoundland commencing in 1949. (2) Excluding capital items charged to operating expense. * Preliminary actual. ** Intentions.

Source: Bank of Canada

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Hudson Bay Mining

THE WRITER *bought some Hudson Bay Mining and Smelting last fall at 59. Since that time the stock has fallen to a low of 45. Do you advise additional purchases around present levels to bring down my average purchase price?—H. C., Vancouver.*

Hudson Bay has proved very vulnerable to the bear market that has been in effect in base metal stocks for some time. This has been the result of several factors: the decline in metal prices, the consistent decline in ore reserves, and the increasing ratio of zinc to copper in the available ore.

The market price provides an assessment of these factors. With the low metal prices now in effect, earnings for 1953 will likely be lower than the $5.37 per share earned in 1952. Lower dividends are evidently in prospect, not only from the increasing dependency on zinc production for earnings but from the demands of exploration and development of the properties in the Yukon Territories.

For the longer view: present estimates give to the operating mine a life of about 11 years, unless extensive new deposits are discovered. This seems a doubtful prospect, because of the disappointing results obtained at lower levels of the mine.

Thus averaging down, which is rarely a wise procedure in a bear market, does not seem advisable. From the technical analysis of the chart pattern the 39-40 level should provide considerable support, but an extension of the downtrend to a long-term objective of 33 is still possible.

Inspiration Mining

I HAVE *some shares of Inspiration Mining that I bought at 3.55. In the last few days the price has gone up to 5.05 and dropped again to 3.50. I would appreciate your opinion on it.—C. C. M., Toronto.*

Inspiration is a highly speculative stocks. At this stage, it cannot be measured as a commercial proposition. The price has swung briefly up to the 5 level twice. From the chart pattern, it should be considered only as a speculative trade with the area above 4.25 a selling one.

Standard Oil

SOME TIME AGO *you wrote an article in which you compared Standard Oil of New Jersey with Imperial Oil. Do you consider Standard Oil a good investment at its present price of 71? Why is it better than Imperial Oil?—S. A., Hamilton, Ont.*

Imperial Oil is a subsidiary of Standard Oil, which owns 70 per cent of its shares, so it is a sort of "cow and calf" proposition. The cow, being bigger and giving more milk, is worth more. Jersey pays a dividend of $4.25, while Imperial pays $1.50 while selling at almost half the price of Standard.

There are two angles that cut the differential down somewhat for Canadian investors, however. The U.S. dividends are not eligible for the 20 per cent tax allowance and they are subject to a U.S. withholding tax of 15 per cent.

From the long-term view, an investment in Standard of Jersey is an investment in the world's largest oil company. Like Royal Dutch-Shell, its operations are world wide. The shareholder gets the benefit of all the operations of the parent company as well as of all the operations of subsidiaries like Imperial Oil, International Petroleum, Creole Petroleum and others.

Should the decline from the high of 84 be continued to about 60, where a yield of 7 per cent would be indicated, we would consider the stock to be a good buy for long-term investment.

Acadia-Atlantic

I BOUGHT, *in 1951, a few shares of Acadia-Atlantic Refineries "A" at 20. Please tell me why it is now selling so low.—S. S. M., Peterborough, Ont.*

As a preferred stock with a fixed divident rate of $1.20, the key factor in setting its price is the trend of interest rates set by government bonds.

At the present price of 18, it now yields 6.6 per cent. This yield is comparable to that available from many good common stocks. It is also comparable to the yields of over 5 per cent available with less risk in high grade corporation bonds.

The general rise in interest rates in lower risk securities has forced a downward adjustment of preferred stock prices to maintain yield ratios.

Canadian Atlantic Oil

WHAT IS *your estimate of the prospects of Canadian Atlantic Oil Co? I am told its large holdings make it potentially very valuable.—M. C. F., Victoria, BC.*

The prospects of Canadian Atlantic depend considerably upon the development of the Fort St. John gas fields by the proposed Westcoast Transmission line. There the company holds interests in more than 2.5 million acres. All told the company has interests in 76 producing wells, more than 4.6 million acres, oil reserves in excess of 5 million barrels and working capital of $2,179,991.

The current market price of 5.50 gives a market valuation per share of roughly triple the total assets per share.

The market performance of this stock has shown it is fairly volatile. The recovery from the long downtrend, that brought the price from the high of 8.25 to 4.25 last Decem-

ber, lifted the price to 6.50. The last decline brought the price back to a test of support at 5. For the past few weeks, the stock has held to a narrow range between 5.15 and 5.50.

While statistically overvalued, the stock appears to be in a buying area. On the up side, objectives of 6.50, 7.25 and 8 are indicated, while 5 and 4.50 are indicated as support levels on the down side.

Donalda

MY WIFE *owns some Donalda stock that she bought at 80 cents a few years ago. Since then the stock has never been steady, rising and sinking quite often. Is it worthwhile holding or should it be sold at this time?—T. J. B., Welland, Ont.*

J. P. Morgan, when asked what the market was going to do, made a famous reply: "The market will fluctuate." That is the surest thing about stock prices. They will constantly change. Donalda, since the first of the year, has been as low as 49 and up to 94. Trading in these junior issues must be considered a form of speculation and not investing. The one rule to observe with the pennies is that when you see a profit, after a few years of holding one of these stocks, take it. It's harder to sell them than to buy them.

Aluminium Limited

I WOULD *greatly appreciate your opinion of Aluminium Limited common shares as a speculative investment around the present price of 42. The price has dropped some ten points in the last little while but I presume that is due to the general market conditions.—D. M., Ottawa.*

This stock does not appear to be a good vehicle for speculation at the present time. The decline in the price can be attributed to: 1, the 22 per cent decline in net profit in 1952; 2, the issuing of $30 million in 5¼ per cent, second preferred stock; 3, the issuing of rights to shareholders for 818,657 shares of common stock.

The issuance of these common shares will represent a dilution of the common shareholders' equity by about one-fifth. The market price of the stock has been marked down by about one-fifth in recognition of this. The selling of stock short against the rights has accelerated the markdown process.

As the price has been adjusted to value there hardly appears to be room for a speculative turn here.

New Calumet

I HOLD *some shares of New Calumet Mines, bought at over double the present price. What are the prospects of these shares recovering some of their lost ground and of resuming dividend payments? Should I hold or sell?—L. W., Windsor.*

The prospects of New Calumet are tied, like every other lead-zinc mine, to the market for the metals. The oversupply of these metals in the world markets has resulted in sharply reduced prices and a considerable reduction in production levels.

Much richer ore is now required to provide commercial mill feed and maintain operating profits. This, for most companies, has resulted in much lower milling rates.

New Calumet is attempting to solve the problem by deepening the No. 4 shaft to develop the higher grade ore bodies indicated in this area. Exploration is also under way at the company's Tetagouche property in New Brunswick. Drilling there has outlined an ore body some 6,000 feet long, with average analyses of 7 per cent zinc, 3.5 per cent lead, 3 lbs. tin and some silver and copper.

The new financing, accomplished by the sale of 1 million shares at 70 cents, will provide sufficient funds for these programs.

With the stock selling near its average lows of the past five years, and operations again showing some profit, it would seem advisable to hold your shares at the present time.

General Products

I HAVE *held the class "A" stock of General Products Manufacturing Corporation for some time. Recently a recommendation was made to me to purchase an additional holding of this stock. Would you advise? — H. E. MacD., Newmarket, Ont.*

General Products is, in effect, a holding company with several well diversified subsidiaries. Chief of these are Supersilk Hosiery Mills, Metal Fabricators, Standard Tube, which manufactures various types of steel tubing, and Langmuir Paints.

The operation of these units produced a net profit, per A and B share, of $5.75. Losses in the hosiery mills were more than offset by the earnings of the other plants.

With working capital of $4,719,-931, more than twice inventory, the company appears to be in a good position. The present yield of 4.3 per cent suggests the stock is rather high priced for re-investment. Purchase should be deferred until a yield of about 6 per cent is available.

In Brief

DO YOU *consider Saratoga Exploration Co., a good buy at the present price?—V. G., Ajax, Ont.*

No.

I am holding some shares of Alana Mines Ltd. Could you give me some information on them?—G. E. C., Coldwater, Ont.

Alana is reported as idle, with no property.

Will you please tell me whether I should hold on to Duvex Oil, shares of which I bought at 50 cents?—D. H. S., Trail, BC.

Duvex shares are being marketed under an option agreement with blocks of 200,000 shares at 40, 45 and 50 cents. I would suggest selling on any upswing above 50 cents.

Would you consider Cobalt Consolidated a good buy at present prices of about 2.00?—D. G. M., Toronto.

No. The financing agreement has been cancelled by the underwriters.

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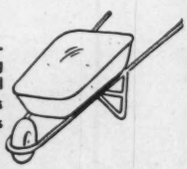

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NOTICE OF DIVIDEND NO. 41

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of Ten Cents (10c) per share in Canadian funds has been declared, payable on Tuesday, June 30th, 1953, to shareholders of the company of record at the close of business on Saturday, May 30th, 1953.

By Order of the Board.

G. M. HUYCKE,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Toronto, Ont., May 11th, 1953.

Ashley and Crippen

ANDREW PELLER: 55 tons of ice per day.

Who's Who in Business

ANDREW PELLER is a methodical man who patiently gained a thorough knowledge of his job and then searched diligently for a place where he could best apply that knowledge. He eventually chose Hamilton, Ont., for the excellent reason that it was one of the largest cities in Eastern Canada without a brewery, and Mr. Peller's business is brewing.

The next action of the Hungarian-born, 49-year-old President of the Peller Brewing Company Limited was to design his own brewery. A modernistic, buff-colored brick building, it stands on Hamilton's busy Burlington Street, its liberal amount of window-space throwing light on to a massive, 6,500-gallon copper kettle, 20 feet high. According to one of the company's executives, this proves to the public that Peller's really *brews* its beer.

The beer drinkers of Southern Ontario, two thirds of whom live within 60 or 70 miles of his brewery, endorse this statement by buying something over 3½ million gallons per year.

A persuasive influence is a subsidiary ice company wholly owned by the firm which itself keeps a dozen trucks busy delivering 55 tons of ice daily to its customers throughout the area. "It's amazing how many people buy ice," comments the fair-haired brewer.

The origin of the ice company, whose advertising helps to keep the name and products of Mr. Peller before the public, was another example of the president's methodical planning. "It fits in well with the brewing business," he says, "because the same type of cooling system which keeps beer at the correct temperature can be used to make ice. In fact, it might just as well do both jobs at once."

Muscular (5 feet 10 ins, 200 lbs) "Andy" Peller is well equipped for working out such ingenious devices as that. As an engineering student in Budapest, he happened to learn enough about the mechanics of brewing for it to interest him as a career; he was later awarded his Brewmaster's degree in Chicago and subsequently worked 14 years for Toronto and Kitchener breweries.

When he first came to Canada, he was 23 and he quickly learned to love the country. Recently he heard some of his 250 employees grumble over taxes. "Millions of Europeans would be glad to pay the taxes just to be allowed to live and work in peace," he observed.

Peller's Brewing Company Limited was founded by Andrew Peller at the end of 1946. He lives now in a comfortable villa at Webster Falls, driving the eight or nine miles into Hamilton daily in a black Cadillac. During the weekends he likes to golf, hunt and fish, or putter about in the extensive and well-kept gardens of his home.

He has entered wholeheartedly into all the activities that he thinks will benefit the community. Director and Vice-president of the Hamilton District Society for Crippled Children, he has also helped to inaugurate a school for retarded children and strongly supports the Canadian Red Cross Society, the Rotary Club and local hospitals.

During World War II he established a machine company to fulfil war contracts for the British Navy, and

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DIVIDEND NOTICE

On April 30th, 1953 a quarterly dividend of Fifty Cents per share in U.S. currency was declared on all the no par value Shares of this Company that will be outstanding on May 22nd, 1953, including shares subscribed for pursuant to transferable subscription rights issued on April 24th, 1953, and expiring on May 15th, 1953. The dividend is payable June 12th, 1953 to shareholders of record at the close of business May 22nd, 1953.

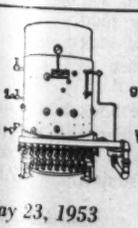
Montreal *JAMES A. DULLEA*
April 30th, 1953 *Secretary*

Toronto, April 22, 1953

NOTICE

is hereby given that the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company, Toronto, has been granted by the Department of Insurance, Ottawa, Certificate of Registry No. C. 1403 authorizing it to transact in Canada the business of Aircraft Insurance, excluding insurance against loss of, or damage to, an aircraft, in addition to the classes for which it is already registered.

H. DOUGLAS COO,
Manager for Canada.



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since the war he has established the Peller Athletic and Recreation Association. He is a keen sportman, having donated many trophies for sporting activities.

He helps youngsters, too, by the sponsorship, through his firm, of a weekly television program to which any talented young Canadian can apply for an audition.

In addition to an 11-year-old adopted daughter, Gretchen, he and his wife Lena have raised a son, Joe, who is now a 27-year-old post-graduate student at Toronto General Hospital.

"Hard as a man may work," he says, "I do not know of any task that is more satisfying than raising a child to be a worthwhile citizen of the country one has adopted."

JOHN WILCOCK

Defence Spending

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

Canada for newsprint and woodpulp?"

Dr. Sayers considered this question and then asked one himself: "Why do you ask that?" I pointed out that the United States was using up its metallic resources at a tremendous rate and not making sufficient new discoveries to replace them. It seemed obvious that it would have to turn to other sources, including its neighbor, Canada. Dr. Sayers then explained that his Department had undertaken a survey of American mineral resources which could not be made public until after the war.

It was actually the prototype of the more elaborate Paley Report, recently issued in Washington, which demonstrated beyond all doubt the present and future dependence of the United States upon other countries' natural resources, notably minerals. Dr. Sayers did go so far in my discussion with him as to say, "We shall never fight another war on the Mesabi Range," indicating, of course, that high-grade iron would be required by American steel industries from foreign sources.

Now, even without a world war, the United States has turned to Canada for this high-grade, basic material, as well as for other non-ferrous base metals. These demands from the United States, and from a Canadian industrial system of about double the capacity of pre-war times, coincide with the requirements of Western Europe (including Britain), whose industrial production has risen by about 75 per cent in the post-war period.

Notwithstanding all these great demands upon Canadian industrial-mineral resources, there are some difficulties in the way of continued economic expansion. This depends not only upon the physical resources themselves but, also, upon the availability of investment funds, the level of construction costs, world commodity prices and economic life in foreign markets where Canada has to sell her surplus production. Any marked change for the worse in these conditional factors—particularly, a further rise in construction costs—could interrupt the economic development of this country and cause much more trouble than a reduction in defense expenditures.

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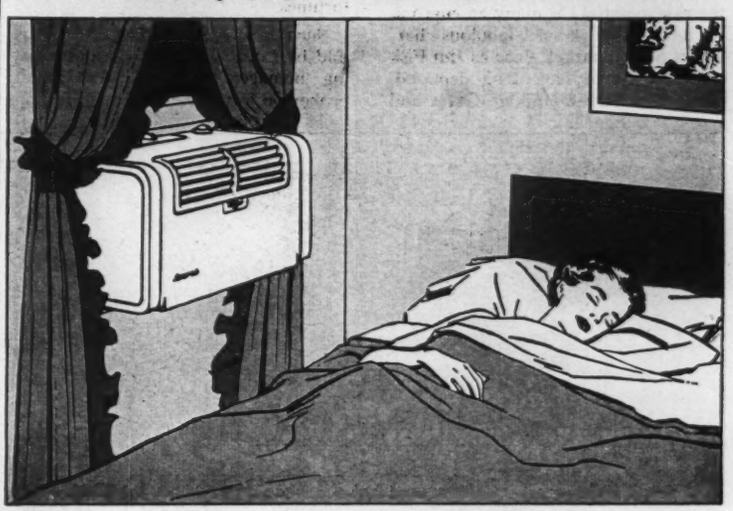

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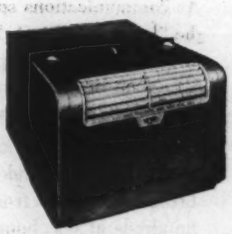

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Business Books

HOW TO BUY STOCKS—by Louis Engel—*Little, Brown and Co. — pp. 252 — $2.95.*

GOOD books about the stock market are surprisingly rare. For most authors, the fields of finance are too sere or too complex. Yet here is the raw material for many an engrossing tale. Although such fabulous characters of the market place as Jim Fisk and Jay Gould have long departed, along with "Bet-a-million" Gates and "Sell 'em" Ben Smith, the market still abounds with colorful life.

The stories of many an epic battle to put a company on its feet or gain control of a business have been forgotten for want of the telling, along with the tales of "little fellows" who have quietly and patiently amassed fortunes.

Such a story of a "little fellow" is told by Louis Engel who, as advertising manager of the world's largest brokerage firm, Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner and Beane, is in a unique position to observe and report from the record.

He tells the story of Nick Havalis, who never earned more than $135 a month working in restaurants. When Nick died two years ago, he left an estate of more than $160,000 in good common stocks. Among the blue chips in his holdings were General Electric, Cities Service and Chicago and Rock Island Railroad.

How did Nick do it? By careful and intelligent investing. He read, kept accurate records, reinvested dividends and took his profits.

This is only a small part of the book, which is a good primer for those who would learn something about securities and the stock markets. In an easy-to-read style, Engel describes the various types of stocks and bonds, how they are traded and how new issues are marketed in the U.S.

He also presents some solid arguments to show why people should invest in good stocks and bonds for the "long pull." His presentation is a little one-sided, however. He is rather critical of the technical approach to the stock market, as opposed to his "fundamental" earnings and dividend theory; and he omits an important chapter from his book — one entitled "How to sell stocks, and when."

TECHNICAL ANALYSIS OF STOCK TRENDS—by Robert D. Edwards and John Magee, Jr.—*Stock Trend Service*—pp. 432—$10.

This book is in direct opposition to Louis Engel's stock market primer. It could be subtitled "How to buy and sell stocks." It is a book for the serious student of the markets. We can say, after some years of studying the stock market and its action, that it is the finest book on the subject that we have ever read.

Beginning with an explanation of technical analysis, which is the method of evaluating stocks and market trends by means of charts of price movements, the authors present a strong brief for the chart experts. The "fundamental" system is to judge stocks on the information gained from annual reports, balance sheets and similar statistics.

Actually, professional analysts use a blend of both techniques, but the proponents of technical analysis consider that balance sheets and other reports are background material. Historical statistics, and all statistics must of necessity deal with the past, and are of anly secondary value in arriving at conclusions in any financial analysis, which is a forecast of possible earnings and dividends and the level of the stock price.

From this beginning, the book expands into a presentation of the basic theory of stock market action—the Dow Theory. This theory, first conceived around the turn of the century by Charles Dow, one of the founders of the *Wall Street Journal*, was developed over two decades by one of the editors of the *Journal*, W. P. Hamilton. It uses the Dow-Jones industrial and railroad averages to determine the major trends of the New York Market, now regarded as the key stock exchange of the world.

With over 200 plates of selected stock charts presented, the reader is taken through the various types of chart formations. Each formation is fully explained and case histories are given to supplement the illustrations.

The final section of the book is devoted to trading tactics. The use of various types of orders and other market methods are well presented and discussed.

In summary, the book holds much for both the amateur and the professional who has a good working knowledge of the subject. W.P.S.

New Skyway for Words and Pictures

BELL TELEPHONE'S *Radio-Relay* CARRIES BOTH YOUR TV SHOW AND LONG DISTANCE CALLS

On May 14th the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation made television history in Canada with its first network TV programs.

Associated with CBC in this achievement is Bell Telephone's microwave *Radio-Relay* system. Its 14 towers now link TV stations in Toronto and Montreal, with Ottawa to join the network officially on June 2nd. Both TV pictures and Long Distance telephone calls will be flashed over this new Canadian skyway.

As communications specialists, we had the resources, the "know-how" and the men needed to engineer and build it, and to maintain its operation. It was natural that the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation should look to the Bell's *Radio-Relay* system to help make network TV a reality.

The system, with all its complicated electronic equipment, was completed on schedule, including an extension to Buffalo to bring in programs from U.S. networks. It can carry a TV show and hundreds of telephone conversations both ways at the same time. It provides Canada with new facilities that will help make the nation's communications network even stronger and more flexible.

HOW *Radio-Relay* WORKS

Microwaves travel in a straight line. So relay towers are usually built on hilltops, spaced about 30 miles apart. Each tower picks up microwaves from its neighbour, and with complex electronic equipment amplifies and focuses them like a searchlight, then beams them accurately at the next tower. Both TV programs and Long Distance calls "ride" the beams at the same time.

In addition to engineering, building and maintaining this Radio-Relay system Bell also provides many other specialized communication services: teletype, mobile telephone, metering channels, leased lines, private telephone systems . . . For all your communications needs, it pays to consult the Bell.

THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA

Specialists in Communications

Women

Everett Roseborough

JEAN DESSES of Paris, visiting in Toronto, poses with model wearing his gown of petal pink, with moulded tucking. Exclusive, Simpson's in Toronto.

Conversation Pieces

THIS WEEK Ottawans are enjoying tulips—some 750,000—on Parliament Hill and along the driveways, in a first Tulip Festival. It was Queen Juliana who started Ottawa on its tulip spree. When she returned home from her war years in Ottawa, she sent the city thousands of Dutch bulbs as a "thank-you" gesture. Ottawa found it liked the display, and now there is to be an annual Festival.

To be married on May 23: Sheila Farrington McGivern, daughter of the late Major H. McGivern, of Qualicum Beach, BC, to Peter John Gerald Bentley, of Vancouver; Clare Ann Melville, daughter of Brigadier James Learmonth Melville, of Ottawa, to Cornelius John Bermingham, son of Col. C. J. Bermingham, of Ancaster, Ont.

Summer theatres have been busy lining up casts. Aileen Seaton, who was outstanding in Toronto Jupiter Theatre's *Summer and Smoke*, and English Patricia Moore, who spent the winter with Ottawa's Canadian Repertory Theatre, will star with the Straw Hat Players in Ontario's Muskoka. Maude Franchot, the U.S. producer of the Canadian Niagara Falls Summer Theatre, plans at least a couple of pre-Broadway try-outs. Barbara Cummings, of Thorold, Ont., joins the Peterborough (Ont.) Summer Theatre. She returned last Fall from London, England, following a starring role in Agatha Christie's *The Hollow;* and has appeared on Canadian TV and with the CRT.

New officers are: Mary G. Patterson, of London, Chairman of Ontario division of the Canadian Council of the Blind; Mrs. F. F. Worthington, President of the Ottawa Women's Canadian Club; Mrs. T. C. Smith, of Victoria, President of the BC Women's Liberal Association; Mrs. C. W. Parker of Regina, re-elected President of the Saskatchewan IODE.

James Light, a New York producer recently in Toronto on a directorial job, tells this story. His parents were in the U.S. when he was born. The first time his mother heard him claim American citizenship, she told him tartly: "If a cat had kittens in an oven, you wouldn't call them biscuits."

Marriages: Nancy Anna Lyon, daughter of Brigadier John E. Lyon, of Ottawa, to Lorne Ernest T. Swanson, of Vancouver; Louise Chevrier, daughter of the Hon. Mr. Justice Chevrier, to Michael Sursug, both of Toronto.

Few women of 50 would acknowledge their years. But with an hotel it is different, and Toronto's regal King Edward is accepting Golden Anniversary congratulations with becoming dignity.

The two big national "cultural" competitions are over. At the non-competitive Ballet Festival in Ottawa, the BC group was the popular choice, with *The Atom*, choreography by Vancouver's Mara McBirney. In Victoria, the top Calvert Award went to *La Jeune Scène* group of Montreal. The Nella Jefferis trophy for the best actress was won by Miss Andree Cunningham, and the SATURDAY NIGHT plaque for the best supporting actress went to Ruth Addleman, both in Ottawa's *The Madwoman of Chaillot.*

Edmonton is host, May 23 to 27, to the 53rd annual meeting of the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire; and for the next couple of days, to the annual conference of the Western Canada region, Soroptimist Club, when 23 clubs from BC and the prairie provinces will be represented.

An honorary degree was conferred by the University of New Brunswick on Katherine MacNaughton, a High School teacher in Campbellton, NB, and an authority on the history of NB education.

The McGill School of Graduate Nurses, Montreal, is to have a new Director. She is Ontario-born, Calgary-reared Rae Chittick, at present on the staff of the University of Alberta.

JOAN RIGBY

104

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ADMIRING *a crown decoration at a dinner party given by Mrs. John McLean, Toronto, prior to the Art Gallery Coronation Ball: (l. to r.) Mrs. Alan G. Watson, Mrs. John D. McLean, Mrs. Charles P. Manchee, Mrs. R. J. Shirley.*

Photo by Jerry Campbell, Ashley and Crippen

Dinner Menu

SHERRY
CREAM OF CELERY SOUP
COLD ROAST BEEF
TOMATO JELLY RING
TOSSED SALAD ROLLS
APRICOT FLUFF
COFFEE LIQUEURS

Buffet Entertaining

MEAT BALLS IN WINE, WITH RICE
RELISH TRAY HOT ROLLS
GATEAU A L'ORANGE COFFEE CHEESE TRAY

ABOVE is the menu for an intimate dinner party for four couples, arranged by Junior Leaguer Mrs. John McLean. The party will be held this Friday, prior to the Coronation Ball convened by the Junior Women's Committee of the Art Gallery of Toronto.

The menu was planned around dishes that can be prepared in advance. Here are Mrs. McLean's own recipes, to serve ten people:

Soup: 3 cans of cream of celery soup and equal amounts of rich cream, 2 pimento cheese packages. Mix and heat in double boiler.

Main Course: Jelly ring and tossed salad recipes obtainable in any good cook book.

Dessert: Soak 2 lbs. apricots overnight. Next morning bring them slowly to a boil and allow to simmer until tender. Drain fruit, then puree it. Whip 1 pint heavy whipping cream and slowly add (while whipping) 1 cup sugar and 1 tbsp. (or more) of rum.

Beat 2 egg whites, adding ⅛ tsp. salt, until stiff. Fold whipped cream into the fruit and then fold in the beaten eggs. Place in refrigerator four (4) hours prior to serving. Garnish with blanched almonds.

ANOTHER, more informal, type of entertainment comes from a Torontonian who loves to give parties, Jeanie Hersenhoren, wife of orchestra conductor Samuel Hersenhoren.

Mrs. Hersenhoren said: "For late-evening supper parties, after a concert or the theatre, we find our guests are usually really *hungry* — particularly if they have been performing. So we serve a substantial meat dish, like meat balls in wine, prepared in the afternoon and then left, on low heat, in a large double-boiler while we are at the concert. Later rolls can be popped in the oven while instant rice is cooking on top of the stove.

"Dessert is a rather fancy affair—*Gateau à l'Orange*, a cake hidden inside a wonderful orange and cream jellied mould. It's a lot simpler to make than it sounds."

Here are the recipes:

Meat Balls in Wine:

Mix together: ¾ lb. ground beef; ½ lb. bread crumbs; 1 finely-minced onion; ¾ tsp. cornstarch; 1 beaten egg; ¾ cup milk; ¾ tsp. salt; dash of parsley.

When mixed well, form into small balls and brown in fat.

Sauce: Blend together ¼ cup fat and ¾ tbsp. flour. Then add 2 cups water, 1 cup red wine, 2 bouillon cubes, salt and pepper. Cook until thick and smooth.

Simmer meat balls in this sauce, covered, for about 30 minutes. Serve with hot rice.

Gateau à l'Orange

White Cake: Cream together 6 tbsp. shortening, 2 eggs and ¾ cup sugar.

Sift together 1½ cups flour, 2 tsps. baking powder and ⅛ tsp. salt.

Add the sifted ingredients to the creamed mixture, alternately with 1/3 cup milk and 1 tsp. vanilla. Pour into greased, lined cake tin. Bake for 20 minutes in a 350° oven. Cool, then turn out on a cake rack and remove waxed paper.

Jellied Mould: Soften 2 tbsp. gelatin in ¼ cup of cold water and ¼ cup of orange juice.

Mix following ingredients in top of double boiler: 1 cup orange juice; 2 tbsp. lemon juice; 1 cup sugar; 4 egg yolks; ½ tsp. salt; 3 tbsp. grated orange rind.

When mixture has thickened, over boiling water, add the gelatine and set aside to cool.

Meantime, beat 4 egg whites with ½ cup sugar, until stiff. Beat ½ cup heavy cream.

When orange mixture is cold and beginning to set, whip till fluffy. Then fold in the egg whites and then the cream. Pour into a wet mould (a little larger than cake tin, can be round or square). Press the cake slab, top side down, into the orange mixture—gently, of course, since it is only supposed to sit into the pudding. Put in frigidaire.

Just before serving, turn out on platter and garnish with orange sections, and more whipped cream, if desired. Serve icy-cold.

Beauty

"PERFUME," Goya's Demosthenes (Dimi) Mangakis, told us recently, "is the civilized woman's sophisticated answer to the primitive fact that men are attracted by scent."

He added that only a very few men realize consciously that the perfume, not the pretty face, is the physical attraction.

Women in hot countries use perfume "offensively," he said. We thought this Greek-born British citizen had misused the word. But his English is impeccable. "Offensively, to create an impression," he explained. "In cold climates perfume is used defensively, to hide a bad impression."

Grey-haired Mr. Mangakis paid a brief visit to Toronto, during a nine-week trip around the world, to introduce Goya's new perfume, "21."

France and Italy are the best perfume markets, outside of South America, he said. Again it is the heat element and both women and men use a lot of scent. Perfume manufactured in Spain and South America has a heavy sophisticated tang of its own.

Paris women have a particular fondness for perfume. They even wear it in the daytime. Mr. Mangakis does not approve of this. He thinks a woman should use a light floral cologne for daytime and change to perfume for evening. "And if she really means business she chooses a sophisticated one."

About blondes and brunettes, Mr. Mangakis was willing only to generalize. Blondes are more likely to need floral scents; but it is like saying all blondes wear blue well. A "suicide" blonde could use a heady perfume, while the less startling blonde should stick to a floral.

Today, with good perfume selling in small phials, every woman can use perfume intelligently, he thought. She can try different scents. Some skins will develop the fragrance of a particular perfume; other types of skin may kill it.

• •

They're Off!

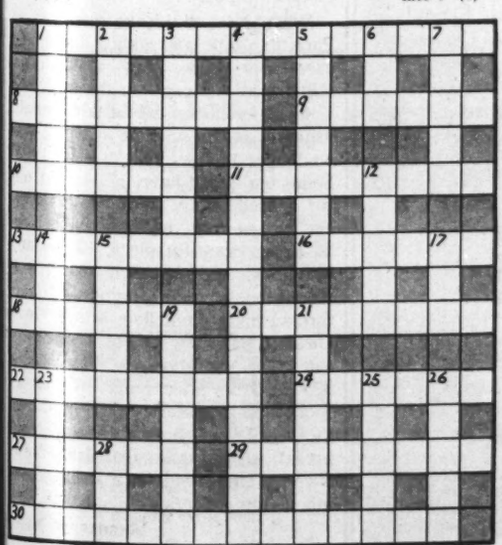
BY LOUIS AND DOROTHY CRERAR

ACROSS

1. How to plank your money on the horses? (6,3,5)
8. Study a Greek island, but not in the abstract. (8)
9 and 15. We'll wager Elizabeth never had a meal off of it. (6, 5)
10. The rain won't pelt us, for a change, when it does. (4, 2)
11. Not the rank and file of public life. (8)
13. Misses will have a single 16, no doubt, as a reason for jumping at this chance. (4, 4)
16. See 13. (6)
18. To do this one should paint the bed first. (6)
20. Tips rout (the bettors, no doubt) when dark horses do this to the favorite. (8)
22. This gives one some days to take care over picking the winners. (4,4)
24. Stones in a new setting. (6)
27. Modern times metes out reform to the hunter. (6)
29. See 3. (8)
30. Where the horses extend to the limit? (4,3,7)

DOWN

1. Got up to look like a flower. (5)
2. Acres of turf? (5)
3. The grand 29 is a chase after this. (7)
4. Racing as a ruling passion? (3,5,2,5)
5. Harold Rome's not entitled to this since he wrote "Call me mister". (7)
6. It has my support, where money is concerned. (3)
7. F.D.R.'s noted home was on it, reputedly. (5)
12. Ties in with 4. (5)
14. I take weeks over making words for this and 17. (3)
15. See 9.
17. See 14. (3)
19. Thweet . . . . . are tathty morthelth! (7)
21. Putting the cart before the horse might give him a sulky outlook. (7)
23. Am I going without gin? Yes, my friend! (5)
25. Touts like a drink, it appears. (5)
26. It's difficult to, when the heat is around a hundred inside. (5)
28. "They also . . . who only stood too late". (3)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Flat
3. Stern
6. S'ab
11. Extreme
12. Nairobi
13. Stripes
14. Inspect
15. Alleges
16. Gumshoe
19. Bowling
21. Tidings
23. Orlando
26. Arrange
27. Heavens
28. Nothing
29. Runt
30. Prude
31. Isis

DOWN

1. Freesia
2. Afterglow
4. Tresses
5. Ranking
7. Trove
8. Bristle
9. Respighi
10. Pins
17. Moderate
18. Hangnails
19. Brother
20. Grouser
21. Trained
22. Sleighs
24. Learn
25. Need

(262)

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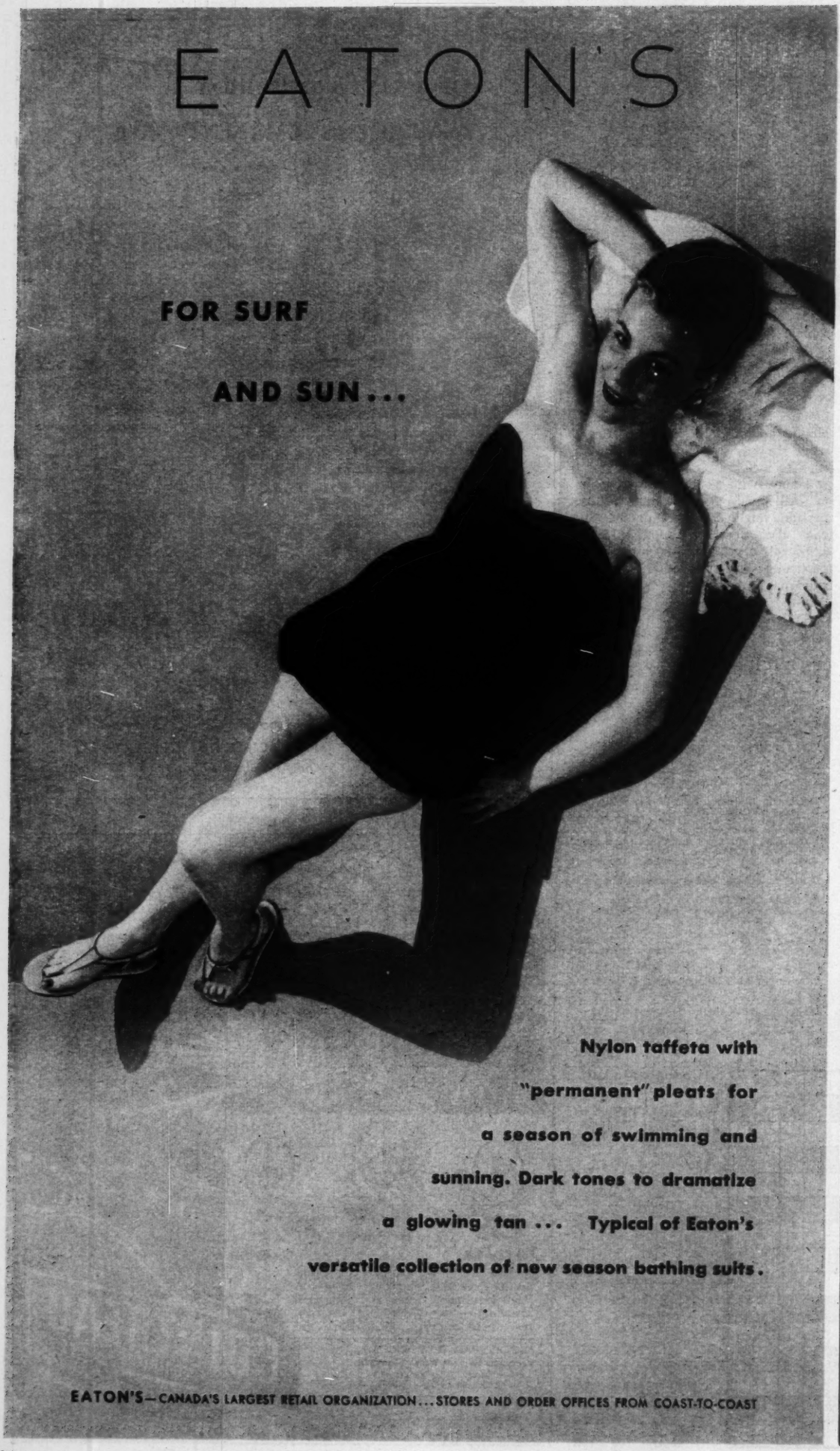

Nylon taffeta with "permanent" pleats for a season of swimming and sunning. Dark tones to dramatize a glowing tan ... Typical of Eaton's versatile collection of new season bathing suits.

EATON'S—CANADA'S LARGEST RETAIL ORGANIZATION...STORES AND ORDER OFFICES FROM COAST-TO-COAST

Fashion

"CLOTHES have no nationality," said Paris couturier Jean Dessès, on a brief Toronto visit. "There is just a good dress or a bad dress."

A good dress is always simple. He himself favors classic lines and soft materials. And he has always adhered to the normal waistline. "After all, the waistline is the waistline," he points out.

What is new for Fall? He shrugged. No, he didn't foresee any drastic change. Designers only change fashions when they are tired of the trend, not for commercial reasons.

His own plans? He wants wide shoulders and narrow hips; does not want the full dress and too much material. For the rest, he cannot tell until he is back at work in his Paris studio and the ideas come to him.

He will be starting his Fall collection almost at once. But first he will go to London, on an invitation, to show his Spring collection at two charity affairs just prior to the Coronation. Princess Margaret is one of the patrons and will be present. One of the gowns is re-embroidered tulle leaves, starting with white and shading down through pale grey to black, topped by a huge coat of dusty pink satin.

Once M. Dessès gets back to his Paris studio, he will whip up his Fall collection of 180 pieces (the usual number in his two annual collections) in about four weeks. Along with the clothes themselves, there will be the complementing hats, shoes, gloves and jewellery. The Paris collection will be shown July 27.

M. Dessès is an artist in pleats and tucks. He can mould a gown to a dummy in a matter of a few minutes. And it is all the more remarkable because he has never attended any school of dressmaking. As a child in Alexandria (he was born there, of Greek parentage), he used to watch the family's dressmaker at work. At nine he designed a dress for his mother — in cheap organdy, as she had no great faith in him. But when it was finished, she wore it to a garden party and was asked if it were a Paquin original.

When he was 17, he was sent to Paris to study law, with a diplomatic career in view. But some dress sketches of his came to the notice of a small exclusive dressmaking establishment and in no time at all he was no longer in law. That was in 1925. Some ten years later, he started out for himself; really came into his present top position around 1948. Now he has a beautiful place, 17 Avenue Matignon, and this Fall he plans a revolutionary new business. He is turning his ground floor into a "Jean Dessès Bazaar", where customers can come and shop for dresses in a $75 to $150 price range, as well as shoes and accessories. Mid-mornings they will be served a continental breakfast; later in the day, sandwiches. There will be a daily showing of the collection.

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Lighter Side

You're On The Air

THE OTHER DAY the newspapers carried a fascinating account of a duel between Dr. Alfeo Brum, head of the Uruguay General Assembly, and Dr. Ulises Pereyra, a Uruguayan newspaper man.

Traditionally, the duel is supposed to be almost as secret as the ballot. This encounter, however, was attended by a crowd of witnesses, including the President of the Uruguay Assembly with his Cabinet, and a radio announcer who broadcast the event on a nation-wide hookup. The duellists shot and missed, then shot once more and missed. Both men were uninjured at the conclusion of the program, and both, it seems, were as mad as hornets.

The question is, what were the duellists mad about? Were they still mad at each other? Were they mad at the radio announcer for getting into the act and confusing them with time signals? Or were they simply humiliated at having missed two shots in succession over a nation-wide hookup?

A fair guess would be that the original quarrel had nothing to do with their final state of mind. (Honor, after all had been satisfied.) The two doctors were probably enraged in much the same way as guests on a quiz program are enraged when they miss a couple of easy ones with the whole nation listening in.

Anyone who has ever been on a quiz program will sympathize with the gallant Uruguayans. Left to themselves, either duellist might have mortally wounded, or at least honorably winged, his opponent. The presence of the microphone, however, probably set up a basic conflict on such a scale that neither of them could have hit a barn door. This happens on quiz programs every week.

Quiz guests are usually assumed to know a good deal about something and a little about many things. They have their own special field of information, wide or narrow, and beyond that, other fields from which they may have collected and stored away odd bits of knowledge—Continental time zones, the population of New Zealand, the date of the first British Labor Government, the winners in the World Series back to 1935, etc., etc. As a rule, they can distinguish among the Georges, Jameses, Charles and Henrys of English history, and they know a Shakespearean quotation from a Biblical one. Put them in front of a radio quiz program in their own living-room and they can total up a handsome score. But put them in front of a microphone as quiz-guests, and it frequently happens that their well-stored minds, as they tell it afterwards, go completely blank.

Actually, they don't go blank. They are suddenly and alarmingly filled with the faces of imaginary listeners-in—families in living rooms, lovers in parked cars, customers in barber-shops, women under the drying-machines, all listening eagerly for them to place the following five Annes in literature, and name the author. Meanwhile, the microphone is waiting, too, and the air is threatening to go dead. So it isn't much wonder if the unhappy quiz guest bleats out the first thing that comes into his head. "What on earth made you say that *Anne of Green Gables* was written by Count Leo Tolstoy?" his wife will ask him later. Better not think of that. Better concentrate on the name of the popular song which the pianist has just dashed off on the studio piano.

He knows the tune perfectly. He has been hearing it every day, all day long, for weeks and weeks. He can even summon, in order, the emotions it calls up — recognition, boredom, exasperation rising to fury. ("Listen, how often do you have to be told? Will you shut that damn thing *off!*") He remembers every single thing about the tune, except its name.

"Sorry, but time's up," the quiz-master says. "The tune you have just been listening to is, 'Doggie in the Window'."

At this stage the quiz guest feels as exposed as a dummy in a store window, and exactly as inarticulate and uninformed. Subsequently, his mind follows a swift course of demoralization. He can't name the picture in which a Miss Gustaffsen starred, he doesn't know who William Sidney Porter was, or what the "S" stands for in the name of Harry S. Truman. Naturally, it will all come back to him once he is off the air and the mists that have been circling in his mind have begun to clear. In the meantime, who was it that swam the Hellespont? And what in the name of Marconi made him say that "My kingdom for a horse," came from Second Kings?

IN THIS SORT of experience makes one feel very sympathetic towards Dr. Brum and Dr. Pereyra of Uruguay. They had burning political differences to settle, and they were probably expert in the use of side-arms. How did they feel, then, when they reached the duelling ground and found that the man from the broadcasting company had got there first and set up his apparatus? And how could they be expected to respond to the final official instructions, "At fifteen paces wheel and fire. And remember, you are on the air"?

No wonder they missed, and no wonder they were mad.

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The Backward Glance

65 Years Ago This Week in Saturday Night

BACK THE SATURDAY NIGHT of May 26, 1888, was essentially a city newspaper, and was called *Toronto* SATURDAY NIGHT. This narrowed its interests considerably, but as these were also the interests of most Canadian cities in the 1880's, they have a national appeal today.

The paper of those days was also given over mainly to editorial comment and fiction. Among what passed for the latter were such sagas as *Savareen's Disappearance* ("a half-forgotten chapter in the history of an Upper Canadian township"); *The Spy Of The Secret Three* ("A Venetian Tale"); and *Vagabondia* ("A Love Story"), written by Frances Hodgson Burnett. We wondered for a moment who Mrs. Burnett was, but then in a list of former books she had written we spied a familiar one, *Little Lord Fauntleroy*.

Vagabondia, as far as we were able to make out from a brief scurry through the exclamation marks, was the story of a dame called Dolly who had a hassle with a cad and a bounder named Grif. After Grif had left her prostrate with grief (Mrs. Burnett's prose is catching), another dame by the name of Aimee comes along and sympathizes with her. Right away we smelled more than the writing, for you can be sure that when one woman sympathizes with another she's out to either steal her lover or borrow a batch of cake mix. They go into a tear-spattered tantrum marked by such carryings-on as, "It seems cruel—yes, it does seem cruel—as cruel as death, to give him to me only that I might suffer when he was taken away. Oh, Grif, my darling! Grif, my love!"

We skipped over two or three thousand words, all about people named Tod, Miss MacDowlas, and Mollie, who all apparently lived in a castle and had about as much affinity with vagabondia as a lion's cage has with Chanel No. 5, and came across the following: "'I can say that I have a nervous headache,' she said to Aimee, 'Nervous headaches are useful things.'" Especially to lady Victorian novelists, we thought, as we went out for an aspirin ourselves.

The advertisements in these old issues represented many forgotten skills, and this was brought to us by an ad inserted by J. W. A. Butler, 80 Bay St., Toronto, who was an ostrich feather dyer—and a gold medalist in that art. Some other old gimmicks were dressmarker's magic scales, "nitros oxide" administered by a Jarvis St. dentist called Snider, a "physicians' consulting parlor" in Bingham's new Pharmacy at 100 Yonge St., and Dorenwend's new styles in frontpieces (or wigs).

The advertising copy of Prof. Davis' private dancing academy at 77 Wilton Ave., ended on this startling note: "Prof. Davis taught the Pavane as danced at the Art Fair, but claims no connection with the circus horse dance called Minuet." And the Calligraph Typewriter people in their advertising quoted The Hon. C. Eugene Panet, Deputy Minister of Militia and Defence, Ottawa, as saying: "Upon the trial that has been made in my office of the Calligraph submitted by you, I find it superior in many ways to the Remington typewriter." Yeah, Monsieur Panet, but where can you buy a Calligraph today?

The editorials took a dim view of Canada's Absurd Divorce System (you needed a special Act of Parliament then), The Long Hours Of Labor (SATURDAY NIGHT didn't think that stores should stay open in the evenings), and The Progress of Artistic Culture (things were improving artistically, but culture wasn't keeping up).

There was a letter from a reader deploring crowded street cars (and his grandson is still deploring them today), and another character warned against the dangers accompanying overhead electric wires. He seemed to think that when the electric cables became worn they would fall in festoons on the benighted citizenry beneath. A short bit dealt with the Lord Byron centenary, and SATURDAY NIGHT didn't think it should be held, because of Lord Byron's moral turpitude. Although it was against Byron, it was four-square for Robert Burns and Horatio Nelson, who were a couple of famous philanderers in their own right. Another short item said: "So strongly is the Russian pressure felt in Austria that one hardly feels surprise when the frequent rumors arrive that Francis Joseph is about to demand of the Czar the why and the wherefore of Russian legions on the Austrian frontier." Which needs no comment here.

Under Society, we read that the old Court Minuet as taught by Prof. Thomas was danced at the Art Fair (remember, Thomas, what Prof. Davis said about your minuet!), and that the girls of the café chantant were kept very busy all week at the Fair. There was a lot of 'flu going the rounds that week too, for Miss Hendrie of Hamilton was down with the sniffles, as was Mrs. Douglas Armour and Mrs. Baines.

Other prominent Toronto ladies attending the Fair were Miss Rutherford, Miss Stevenson, Miss May Jones, Mrs. Nordheimer, and Mrs. Cattanach. Out-of-town visitors included Judge McMahon, Senator Alexander of Quebec, Miss Bertha Hague of Montreal, Mr. George Gates of Hamilton, and Lady MacDonald of Ottawa, who left poor John home with his bottle and nipped down in a private railroad car.

SATURDAY NIGHT gave twenty rules for planting a tree, which ought to be enough rules to plant a forest. The item included tips on thawing frozen roots, placing top dressing, spreading the roots, keeping grass from around it for ten years, and pruning. Nothing, however, was said about digging the hole, which makes us think that the author was the type of gardener who calls a spade a shovel.

There were no juke boxes or radios around in 1888, but the citizenry enjoyed plenty of music just the same. During the week of May 26, the average Torontonian could take the kids and missus down to see and hear the May Masque, a concert of the Choral Society, an organ recital in the Metropolitan Church, Gilmore's visiting band, a piano recital by a Mr. Torrington, and fifty young girls and boys who gave a musical rendition of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Which reminds us that we were once on the stage. It was in the same play, held on the teacher's rostrum before a Sixth Grade class in a Toronto public school. We played the exhausting part of a hole in a wall (no fooling!) and even at that the other pupils thought we were terrible. Which was Hollywood's loss, we've always thought.

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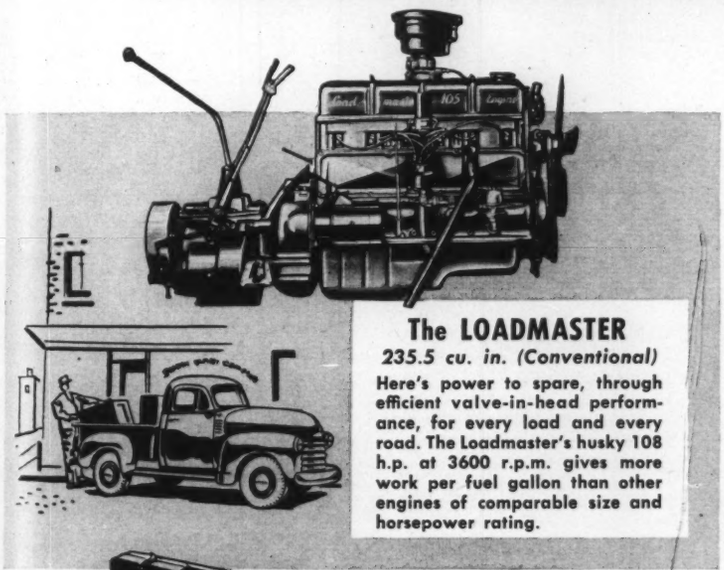

The LOADMASTER
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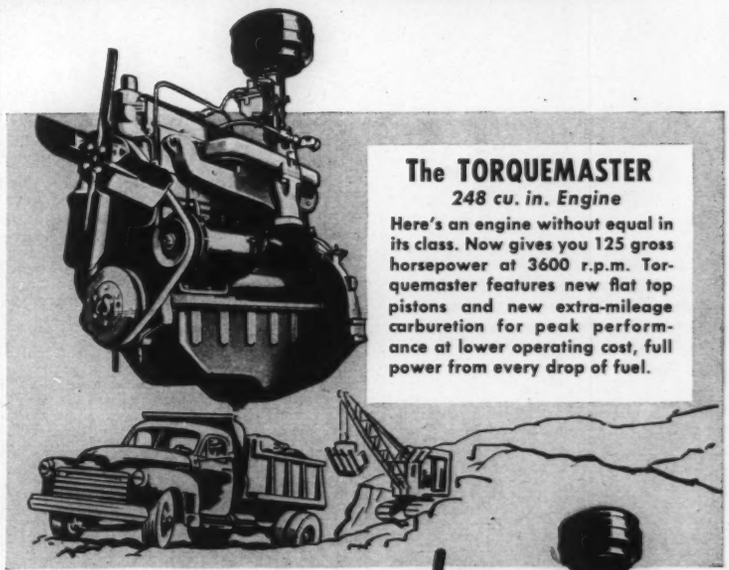
Here's power to spare, through efficient valve-in-head performance, for every load and every road. The Loadmaster's husky 108 h.p. at 3600 r.p.m. gives more work per fuel gallon than other engines of comparable size and horsepower rating.



The TORQUEMASTER
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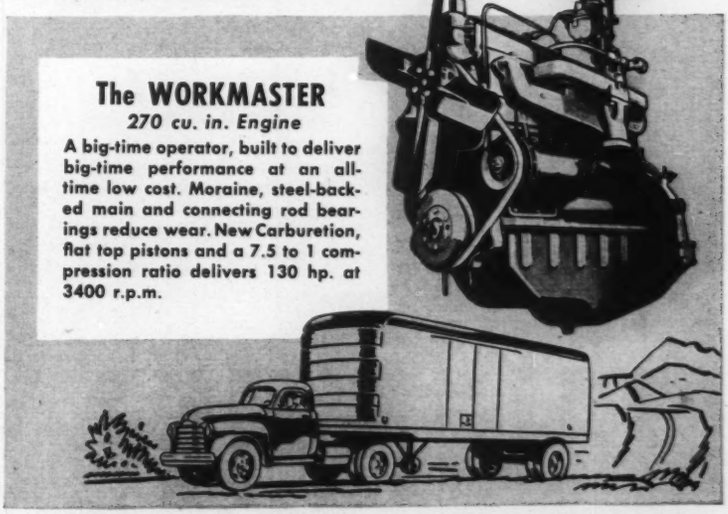
Identical in high performance to the hard-working conventional Loadmaster, this engine has been designed for applications where Chevrolet Cab-Over-Engine models are specified. They're both tops in heavy duty performance and economy.



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